

THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;
A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

VOL. I. No. 9.]

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1844.

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THE CRITIC.

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TO AUTHORS.

THE CRITIC has adopted the novel and interesting plan of reviewing unpublished MSS., for the purpose of enabling authors unknown to fame to take the opinion of the public and of the booksellers upon the merits and probabilities of success for their works, previously to incurring the cost of publication. For this purpose, the following rules are to be observed.

The author is requested to make a brief outline of the contents of his work and transmit it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as he may deem to be fair specimens of it), from which we may select the extracts for our columns. All MSS. so submitted to us will be carefully preserved, and returned, as the author may direct, so soon as we have done with them.

It may be as well here to observe that religious and political treatises must be excluded from this portion of THE CRITIC.

PREFACE.

THE reader is this day presented with a double number, without additional charge, the publishing season and the exhibitions rendering necessary some such resource, in order to keep pace with the influx of new books and the invitations of the Galleries of Art.

For the notices of the latter, we have adopted, and shall henceforth pursue, a somewhat novel design. We have long been of opinion, that by the public two objects only are sought in notices of Picture-Galleries: first, for visitors, a guide, which may accompany them hand in hand through the maze of canvas, and point out the works that are worth inspection, and their most remarkable features, just as would be done by an intelligent friend who had previously made himself familiar with the Exhibition; and, secondly, for those who have not an opportunity of personal inspection, such an agreeable and graphic description as may enable them to form an accurate notion of the scene, and convey to them such a knowledge of the subjects and treatment of the most interesting of the pictures as may serve, in a manner, as a substitute for actual sight. Artistic criticism is mainly for artists, and may be found in the journals exclusively addressed to them. We write for the general public, and have framed our notices to supply a want which we have often experienced in our own persons when visiting the Galleries, or deprived by absence of the pleasure, and which others have repeatedly expressed to us. It was necessary thus to explain the purpose of the novelty we have introduced, lest it should be misconstrued. It was suddenly suggested, and is as yet undeveloped but imperfectly. Practice will make us more perfect in the duties of a guide, and, in future, arrangements will be adopted for making the catalogue more complete. The present notice of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy will serve to indicate the design, but we trust that with practice the execution of it will present many improvements which only experience can teach.

We have to acknowledge a considerable accession to the list of subscribers since the last number; and the kindness of present friends in recommending THE CRITIC to their acquaintances demands our gratitude.

When THE CRITIC was commenced, we were assured by many experienced persons that it would be impossible to establish a thoroughly independent literary journal; that it had been tried many times and had always failed; the cause assigned being that publishers would not advertise in a review that would not praise their books, whether bad or good, and without advertisements the cost of publication could not be supported.

Experience has proved the truth of a portion of this observation. We have found that to condemn a bad book is certainly to offend the publisher, and that the offence is not redeemed by favourable notices of his good books. The only reason why the whole of the prediction of our friends has not been verified, and THE CRITIC lives in spite of its independence, arises from the peculiar and unprecedented circumstances under which it is produced. Happily its existence does not depend upon the favour of any man or body of men. Its expenses are very trifling, compared with those of any of its predecessors in the same endeavour to establish an independent literary journal. It is written and edited by gentlemen who seek no remuneration for their labours, other than the pleasure of exercising an honest influence over public opinion. It is published without cost at an office whose establishment is necessarily maintained for other purposes; and it has already won for itself a large circle of influential friends throughout the country, by whom it is cordially supported and recommended. Its wants are so few that it can afford to be independent; and it is only while it can maintain this position, and preserve its honest unim-

paired, that it will be deemed worthy of preservation.

But we respectfully submit to publishers, whether it be really for their interest, in the long run, that a review should be otherwise than independent. It may be very provoking to have a book upon which they have adventured largely proclaimed to be a bad one; but is not this evil balanced by the advantage that accrues from the approval given to a good book, and which being known to be an honest judgment, will induce readers to buy? We believe the effect of the indiscriminate, and often dishonest, praise in which our periodicals indulge, for the purpose of securing the support of certain great publishers, is to make readers distrustful of all reviews, and thus to deprive even honest praise of its value. We are satisfied that, even as a matter of pecuniary advantage, it would be for the ultimate interest of the booksellers to encourage a thoroughly independent and truth-telling literary journal; while its benefits to the cause of literature would be beyond all calculation.

THE CRITIC will proceed as it has begun; in the hope that experience of its practical effects will convince the booksellers that its independent position cannot be injurious to them, and the public, that an honest review is not quite so impossible as hitherto has been asserted.

HISTORY.

The History of Holland, from the Beginning of the Tenth to the End of the Eighteenth Century. By C. M. DAVIES. London, Parker.

THERE is no country in Europe whose history affords so many practical lessons to the philosopher and the statesman as does that of Holland. For the most part a swamp snatched from the sea, ungifted by nature with a single source of wealth; with a soil that grew nothing but bulrushes upon its surface, and had no riches in its bowels; a territory circumscribed within the narrowest limits upon which a swarming population could live; and yet for centuries, with trifling exceptions, maintaining its independence, with hostile and jealous nations looking upon it with anxiety to possess or to destroy; one of the wealthiest of the communities of Europe, growing scarce a grain of corn, yet always having abundance, while other corn-growing countries were suffering from famine, and its markets having more equable prices and food always a shade lower there than at any other in Europe; without agriculture, yet enjoying all that agriculture yields; without the materials of wealth, yet drawing to itself the wealth of the world; producing the least, but possessing the most; without power of her own, yet confronting and defying the powers of Europe; maintaining rational liberty unimpaired, when despotism darkened every neighbouring land. These are phenomena the investigation of which may worthily engage the attention of the historian who would make history something more than a mere chronicle—who would have it, in very truth, that which it has been so wisely called, "Philosophy teaching by example."

The instrument by which all this was accomplished was commerce; the medium, unrestricted freedom of trade. Of this there is no question; it is a fact upon which all historians are agreed. But it does not necessarily follow, because they have thriven so well in Holland, that, therefore, they must be equally advantageous elsewhere, under different conditions. It is the province of the historian to trace effects to their causes, to see how far results were modified by circumstances, and then the philosopher may step in, and applying this evidence of experience to the present position of affairs upon which he desires to form a sound judgment, he is enabled to determine how far the principles proved by the past are applicable

to the present, and in what they must be modified to fit them for immediate use.

To render the history of Holland thus serviceable at a period when the principles upon which she flourished, and with the neglect of which she faded, are made the subject of earnest controversy, not so much as to their truth and value, which all admit, but as to the propriety of adopting them in the artificial position of this country, it is essential that there should be a solid foundation upon which argument may be based. This volume supplies such a history of Holland as is required, and it will consequently be welcomed by all parties as a repository of facts to which confident reference may be had for the purposes of illustration.

Mrs. DAVIES has wisely given her particular attention to the commercial history of Holland, her predecessors having too much occupied themselves with the more romantic, but vastly less useful, narratives of the struggles with the Lords of Burgundy. But in truth, from the beginning, the contest lay between feudalism, represented by the dukes, and commerce, represented by the municipalities. Nevertheless it was not, as it has been asserted, a fight between aristocracy and democracy, but between two classes of aristocracy—the territorial and the monied; the latter, however, being strongly imbued with the democratic spirit, with tendencies always popular, and from their position compelled to call to their aid, not merely the arms, but the affections of the inferior classes, without whom they could not have maintained their places against the martial training and brute physical forces arrayed against them. After awhile, when feudalism was fairly beaten, and had retired from the towns to its fortresses in the country, and there was nothing more to fear from its aggressions, another spirit came stirring into life; the city aristocracy in their turn became the objects of suspicion; class legislation wrought its natural effects; laws were made for the advantage of the law-makers; the commonalty advanced in wealth and knowledge, and would submit no longer to unequal legislation.

Mrs. DAVIES has traced the progress of these changes with a vigorous pen. The fourteenth century witnessed the first decline of the power of the feudal nobility, and the rise of the power of the commonalty; its growth was slow, and its beginnings scarcely obvious; jealousies, rivalries, expressions of disfavour on public occasions, quarrels, faction-fights, were the sequences of events.

The nobles sought to check the progress of that commerce which they instinctively felt to threaten their power, though it might increase their enjoyments. Restrictive laws were framed, these produced irritation, and that reacted upon legislation, which grew more and more stringent. At length the smothered spark was blown into a flame, the pretence being a dispute about the Princess Margaret, which supplied nicknames as well as excuses, both seemingly essential to civil commotion.

"The nobles espoused the side of William, while the people and inhabitants of the towns, with the exception of the larger and more aristocratic cities, adhered to Margaret, who was supported besides by the Lord of Brederode, and a few others of the most popular nobility. The former were called by the party name of 'Cods,' because the cod devours all the smaller fish; and the latter by that of 'Hook,' because with that apparently insignificant instrument one is able to catch the cod. It does not appear what occasion gave rise to these very primitive appellations, so characteristic of the people and their pursuits."

The nobles, to whom war was a familiar art, at first prevailed over the unpractised commons, but the latter gathered instruction from defeat, and gradually conquered their victors. The struggle lasted so long, and so weakened the state, that Albert, king of Holland, died insolvent, and his widow, to free herself from his debts, was compelled to perform the following singular ceremony.

"The widow, having chosen a guardian, demanded, through him, permission, before a court composed of the bailiff of the place and four assessors, to renounce the hereditary estate of her husband, according to the law of Rhyndland. Permission being given, the body of the count was placed on a bier and brought before the door of the court: the lady then, dressed in borrowed clothes, and retaining nothing in her possession which she had received from her late husband, went out with a straw in her hand; this she gave to her guardian, who threw it on the bier, renouncing and surrendering in her name the right of dower, and all interest in the estate of the late count, and in all debts due to or from him."

Afterwards Holland was annexed to the duchy of Burgundy, and then the spirit of nationality was combined with the spirit of commerce in resistance to the yoke. This was the romantic era in the annals of Holland, upon which its former historians love to linger, amid the splendour of the court and the gallantries of the camp, omitting the sufferings of the people at whose cost these pomps and vanities were purchased. The name of Charles the Bold of Burgundy is conspicuous for the greatness of his misdeeds. Among other obnoxious acts, he laid a tax upon food, which the people in anger, named "Casembrotspel," or "bread-and-cheese sport."

While this social struggle was proceeding, the religious movement, which had been silently going on in the minds of men, came to aid the commotion. The Reformation made rapid progress, and was associated with the cause of political liberty, commercial freedom, and social advancement. Persecution reigned under the auspices of Philip, the people revolted in despair, and then began the tremendous conflict which, after various fortunes, terminated in the expulsion of Spanish rule. The municipalities constituted the most formidable barrier against the persecuting decrees of the tyrant: in those cherished institutions the people sought and found safety; hence they became the objects of attack from the persecutors, and of devoted affection by the persecuted. Mrs. DAVIES observes:—

"The efforts of the magistrates to shield their fellow-citizens of the Reformed religion from the effects of these edicts were various and unceasing. Sometimes they induced them to attend mass once or twice for appearance sake, and then appealed to the circumstance as a proof of their being good Catholics; often when they knew an accusation was likely to be brought against them, they gave them timely warning, or provided them with a place of concealment. The method adopted on one occasion by the magistrates of Hoorn was rather curious. The government of that town being accused before the Council of Holland, by one Dirk, a hot-headed meddling priest, of remissness in the punishment of heretics, a commissioner, named Charles Smyter, was sent to inquire into the matter. On his arrival at Hoorn, he was received with great courtesy by the burgomasters and principal members of the government, who took it by turns to entertain him, which they did so effectually, that the only movement he was able to make was 'from bed to table, and from table to bed.' The answers, therefore, to all such as came to give information concerning heretics, was either that the commissioner was engaged at meals, or that he was asleep. Having spent a week in this manner, and hearing no accusation, he returned to the Hague, lauding to the skies the religious disposition of the good citizens of Hoorn, against, whom he said, he had not heard the slightest complaint of heresy during the whole time he had been there. The chief burgomaster had not forgotten to recommend his hospitalities still further, by a liberal present of money."

These extreme measures failing, or rather serving but to exasperate the quarrel, Philip tried what promises of moderation would do; but he was insincere—it was a fraud to lure the people into his hands.

"The joy caused by the relaxation of persecution consequent on the orders of the government soon gave way to renewed fear and suspicion. When the moderation (or, as the populace called it, 'murderation') devised by her and the privy council became known, it was found to be such as to excite the indignation of many, and the contempt of all. Priests, teachers, and those who exercised any office among the Reformers, the composers, printers, or sellers of any pamphlet, song, or pasquinade, were to be hanged instead of burnt alive; the punishment of death being

changed to banishment, in favour of the common people only."

Alva was sent by the angry monarch with orders to resist to extermination, if nothing less would serve the purpose. But again he was disappointed; despair roused a fiercer resistance than ever, and the Netherlands prepared themselves to die rather than yield. He called them, opprobriously, "Gueux," or "Beggars;" but the epithet was adopted as an honoured badge of union, and under that name they marched to victory.

"His remonstrance, which bore somewhat the appearance of a menace, induced Elizabeth, who feared to draw on herself the enmity of Philip, to issue an order, commanding the Gueux to quit the ports, and strictly forbidding any one to harbour, or supply them with food or other necessities. Thus driven from their last refuge, and left without a single spot of earth in Europe whereon to set their foot, the Gueux, under the command of the admiral, William van der Mark (one of those who had sworn to let their hair and beard grow till the death of Egmond was avenged), set sail in their vessels, twenty-four in number, for the Texel, purposing to attack the duke's ships of war, which were then lying there. On their way they captured two large Spanish vessels, and being driven by stress of weather into the Menne, presented themselves suddenly before Briel. The town being destitute of a garrison, and the poorer people favourably inclined to the Gueux, the more wealthy inhabitants fled precipitately, and Van der Mark took possession in the name of the Prince of Orange, as stadtholder, with little opposition. The lives and property of the citizens remained untouched; but the Gueux, wreaking a cruel vengeance on the priests and monks, hanged no less than thirteen of them; they likewise stripped the churches, and broke all the images."

"The Beggars" triumphed, and from beggary raised themselves to be the wealthiest people in Europe. They resisted the mighty power of Spain, repelled the invaders, and established their independence, leaving their foe on the verge of ruin.

"It cannot be supposed for a moment that the inhabitants of a small and impoverished look of land, such as Holland and Zealand, were possessed of more resources to pay and provide for their troops than a monarch who had the wealth of both worlds at his command; on the contrary, their trade and manufactures had decayed in consequence of the war; many of the richest families had fled during the persecutions of Alva, taking with them a large portion of their property, and the best of their lands were laid under water by the cutting of the dykes; but they found, in this time of trial and distress, an inexhaustible mine of treasure in their unsullied national probity, their unimpeachable public credit. During the long sieges, when specie failed, the States or municipal governments were in the habit of issuing promissory notes, or coining money of tin, and this money was received in payment by the foreign troops as well as the natives, without the slightest hesitation; nor was such traffic as remained ever embarrassed for an instant by want of confidence in a circulating medium so wholly destitute of intrinsic value. The holders of it implicitly relied on the conviction that no plea of distress, no complaint of usury or extortion, would stand in the way of their receiving the full amount it promised, as soon as circumstances permitted; nor did they doubt that nothing but the utter destruction of the Government would prevent its fulfilling to the letter every engagement it had entered into. It was this perfect integrity, this unbounded confidence between man and man, which enabled Holland to protract the war until the resources of her adversary were completely exhausted. A striking contrast in this respect was presented by the conduct of the King of Spain, who, having incurred a debt of 14,500,000 ducats to the merchants of Spain and Genoa, obtained from the Pope a dispensation, permitting him to revoke all his promises and engagements, 'lest he should be ruined by usury while combating the heretics.'"

When England was threatened by the Spanish Armada, she was greatly indebted to the Dutch for their timely aid. The fact is not generally known, and it is so interesting that we extract Mrs. DAVIES's account of it.

"During the whole of the time consumed in that glorious contest, the image of which is fresh and bright in the mind of every English reader, the great commander was kept in a state of helpless inactivity on the shores of Flanders. Justin of Nassau, with thirty-five Holland and Zealand vessels, well armed, and containing, besides their complement of seamen, 1,200 skilful musketeers, effectually blockaded the harbours of Dunkirk and Nieupoort, so that not only the ships of Parma were debarred from egress,

but the smaller vessels of the Spanish fleet were prevented from entering to afford them any assistance, the approach of the larger being impossible from the shallowness of the water. The fleet of Parma meanwhile, though infinitely superior in number, yet being equipped for convenience of transport rather than for battle, was scarcely fit to sustain a regular engagement; to which, also, an additional obstacle was found in the ill disposition manifested by the crews. The memory of the old 'Water-gueux,' of whom the rear-admiral in command, Justus le More, was a remnant, had not yet faded away from men's minds; and the terror excited by the Holland and Zealand mariners was so excessive, that all the efforts of Parma were unable to check the desertion among his men, which continued day and night without intermission. In vain, therefore, did the Spanish admiral, having reached the port of Calais, urge him to effect a junction without delay; he could do no more than hurry from place to place in an agony of impatience; at one time offering up bootless vows at the shrine of Notre Dame de Halle; at another giving orders to his troops to embark and set sail at all hazards; and then again countermanding them, as dreading to trust that army on which the hopes of Spain depended, to the mercy of the tempestuous waves and the enemy, who lay in wait for their destruction. Eighteen thousand troops were already on board the vessels at Nieuport, and had been two days eagerly awaiting the signal for departure, when they were ordered to re-land."

But we have already trespassed beyond our limits. The authoress deserves the thanks of the reader for this valuable contribution to historical literature, which we heartily commend as a necessary addition to every library.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of George Brummell, esq. commonly called Beau Brummell. By Captain JESSE, Unattached, Author of "Notes of a Half-pay in Search of Health," &c. 2 vols. London, 1844. Saunders and Otley.

EVERY season gives us a library of lives of generals, admirals, and statesmen, with memoirs beyond number of obscure village preachers and sanctimonious young ladies, who seem to die on purpose to "point a moral and adorn a tale." But the Biography of a Beau is a novelty in literature, a psychological curiosity, instructive to the anatomist of society, and interesting to the student of human nature. Man is here exhibited in a phase in which there are but few opportunities of viewing him—making a philosophy of frivolities—a code for clothing—a science of gastronomy.

BEAU BRUMMELL was a remarkable man in his way. We are wont to estimate a person of his class as a kind of animated machine, set in motion by the man-milliner for the purpose of displaying his shop and scissors to the best advantage. But our hero was something more than this, for he prescribed the mode. It is not a very lofty ambition that aspires to the empire of fashion, but to seize and keep it for a long series of years argues the possession of abilities of no common order: no man can reach and secure pre-eminence over his fellow men, however frivolous and foolish the circle he sways, without some qualities whose superiority is felt and acknowledged by those who bow to him.

But if to become "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" argues ability in the aspirant, still more must be the merit of a man who, in this aristocratic country, without the advantages of birth or wealth, could at an early age lift himself to the giddy height, bring nobles and princes to his feet, dictate to courts, dispense smiles as kings give titles, and cut royalty itself when it pleased him to be offended.

The paternity of the great BEAU BRUMMELL is a moot point. Some say he came of a Treasury porter, some a confectioner, some a flunky. Captain JESSE inclines to the opinion that his father was "in business in Bury-street, St. James's," where he let lodgings. Certain it is that Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool, was one of his lodgers; and, taking a fancy to his landlord, advanced his fortunes

with singular facility from a private secretaryship to a wealthy wife, place, pension, and property, so that he died worth very nearly a plum. He fairly divided his wealth among his three young children, of whom our hero was the eldest. The boy was educated at Eton; in due time he passed to Oxford; before he was sixteen he purchased a cornetcy in the 10th Hussars; at eighteen he was a captain; at twenty he abandoned a military life, having broken his nose, and finding the duties not to his taste. On the attainment of his majority, he came into his paternal fortune, which had swelled by good nursing to nearly 40,000*l*.

Captain JESSE has been at great pains to collect all the gossip of the neighbourhoods in which the childhood and youth of his hero were spent. He tells us that at Eton he was remarkable only for "quiet, gentlemanly manners and ready wit, as well as for the excessive neatness of his personal appearance." But he was idle, loved play more than books, and, above all, as the Captain was informed by the gentleman whose fag he was at Eton, he excelled in toasting bread and cheese! From these traits it will be seen how truly "the child is father to the man." The other recollections of his schoolboy days record that he dined at noon, wore breeches and worsted stockings, and serenaded the daughter of his dame with a hurdy-gurdy.

He was scarcely sixteen when he attracted the notice of the Prince, afterwards George the Fourth, who was the commander of his regiment. This was the foundation of his fortune, if fortune it can be called. He was a constant guest at the table, a companion in the debaucheries of the heir-apparent, who found pleasure in the youth's ready wit and profit in his fine tastes, which really were better than any other man's in all matters of dress, fashion, and gastronomy.

A personage thus noticed by "the first gentleman in Europe," soon became notorious; the deference paid to his opinions by the Prince speedily recommended him to society; and, in a singularly brief time, he ruled with undisputed sway the whole world of fashion. But, like other potentates, his head was not strong enough to bear its exaltation. He assumed the most ridiculous airs, said the most insulting things with studied coolness, enjoyed to mortify the really great, snubbed the *parvenu*, affected absurd refinements in dress, furniture, and cookery; plunged into extravagancies far beyond his fortune, and dispensed frowns and smiles as capriciously, and which were received with as much anxiety by his subjects, as the haughtiest of European despots.

Mr. JESSE thus sketches the personal appearance, in his palmy days, of

BEAU BRUMMELL.

"His face was rather long, and complexion fair; his whiskers inclined to sandy, and hair light brown. His features were neither plain nor handsome; but his head was well-shaped, the forehead being unusually high; shewing, according to phrenological development, more of the mental than the animal passions—the bump of self-esteem was very prominent. His countenance indicated that he possessed considerable intelligence, and his mouth betrayed a strong disposition to indulge in sarcastic humour; this was predominant in every feature, the nose excepted, the natural regularity of which, though it had been broken by a fall from his charger, preserved his countenance from degenerating into comicality. His eyebrows were equally expressive with his mouth; and while the latter was giving utterance to something very good-humoured or polite, the former, and the eyes themselves, which were grey and full of oddity, could assume an expression that made the sincerity of his words very doubtful.

"This flexibility of feature enabled Brummell to give additional point to his humorous or satirical remarks; his whole physiognomy giving the idea, that, had he devoted himself to dramatic composition, he would have written in a tone for more resembling that of the *School for Scandal* than the *Gamester*, or any plot developing reflection and deep feeling. His voice was very pleasing."

Some of his vanities are amusing. He chiefly prided himself upon the *tie* of his neckcloth, which was inimitable; and Capt. JESSE has

taken the trouble to ferret out his valet, who still lives, mainly for the purpose of learning the history and mechanics of this famous tie, in which the valet declares his master never failed. From the same source we learn that the cravats were folded by the laundress, and the Beau did nothing more than carefully inspect them before he commenced operations. His biographer's description of the neckcloth, and other habiliments of the Beau, will be necessary to enable the reader to form a correct picture of him in his mind's eye:—

BRUMMELL'S DRESS.

"Brummell was one of the first who revived and improved the taste for dress; and his great innovation was effected upon neckcloths; they were then worn without stiffening of any kind, and bagged out in front, rucking up to the chin in a roll; to remedy this obvious awkwardness and inconvenience, he used to have his slightly starched; and a reasoning mind must allow, that there is not much to object to in this reform.

"He did not, however, like the dandies, test their fitness for use, by trying if he could raise three parts of their length by one corner without their bending; yet it appears, that if the cravat was not properly tied at the first effort, or inspiring impulse, it was always rejected. His valet was coming down stairs one day with a quantity of tumbled neckcloths under his arm, and being interrogated on the subject, solemnly replied, 'Oh, they are *our* failures.' Practice like this of course made him perfect; and his tie soon became a model that was imitated, but never equalled.

"The method by which this most important result was attained, was communicated to me by a friend of his, who had frequently been an eye-witness of the amusing operation.

"The collar, which was always fixed to his shirt, was so large that, before being folded down, it completely hid his head and face; and the white neckcloth was at least a foot in height. The first *coup d'archet* was made with the shirt collar, which he folded down to its proper size; and Brummell then standing before the glass, with his chin poked up to the ceiling, by the gentle and gradual declension of the lower jaw, creased the cravat to reasonable dimensions, the form of each succeeding crease being perfected with the shirt which he had just discarded.

"His morning dress was similar to that of every other gentleman—Hessians and pantaloons, or top boots and buckskins, with a blue coat, and a light or buff-coloured waistcoat: of course fitting to admiration on the best figure in England. His dress of an evening was a blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons which buttoned tight to the ankle, striped silk stockings, and opera hat; in fact, he was always carefully dressed, but never the slave of fashion."

It may be as well to complete this important portion of our memoir with the Captain's account of

THE BEAU'S TAILORS.

"Brummell's tailors were Schweitzer and Davidson, in Cork-street; Weston, and a German of the name of Meyer, who lived in Conduit-street. The Stultzes and Nuges, &c. did, I believe, exist in those days; but they were not then held in the same estimation as their more fortunate brethren of the shears. Schweitzer and Meyer worked for the Prince; and the latter had a page's livery, and on great occasions superintended the adornment of his Royal Highness's person. The trouser, which opens at the bottom of the leg, and was closed by buttons and loops, was invented either by Meyer or Brummell—the Beau, at any rate, was the first who wore them, and they immediately became quite the fashion, and continued so for some years.

"A good-humoured baronet, and brother Etonian of his, who followed him at a humble distance in his dress, told me that he went to Schweitzer's one morning to get properly rigged out, and that while this talented purveyor of habiliments was measuring him, he asked him what cloth he recommended? 'Why, Sir,' said the *artiste*, 'the Prince wears superfine, and Mr. Brummell the Bath coating; but it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John, you must be right; suppose, Sir, we say Bath coating—I think Mr. Brummell has a trifle the preference.'

"Brummell's good taste in dress was not his least recommendation in the eyes of the Prince of Wales, by whom his advice on this important subject was constantly sought, and for a long time studiously followed. Mr. Thomas Raikes says, in his *France* that his Royal Highness would go of a morning to Chesterfield-street to watch the progress of his friend's toilet, and remain till so late an hour that he sometimes sent away his horses, and insisted on Brummell's giving him a quiet dinner, which generally ended in a deep potation."

His wit was renowned in its day, when it was circulated from mouth to mouth, and lived in sound only; but seen in print, and examined

with a critical eye, it loses much of its raciness, and we must confess that it appears to us to derive the greater portion of its power from the unblushing impudence with which he levelled it against all around him, saying things of others and to others which no one beside would have dared to utter. Many of his most famous sayings are amusing only for their affectation. Such is the story of the beggar to whom, when imploring charity, "if only a half-penny," he said: "My good fellow, I have heard of the coin, but I never had one. Here's a shilling for you." There is no wit in this; said by any other man it would have been accounted a mere impertinence. But there is a spice of the humorous in the following. Being at a party, he said to an acquaintance, "Who is that ugly man near the chimney-piece?" "Why surely, my good fellow, you know him; that's the master of the house." "No," replied the impudent querist, with unmoved countenance, "how should I?—I was never invited." Not a few of his good things are sheer spurts of ill-nature, and such as any person might build a fame upon if he had impudence and heartlessness enough to disregard the feelings of others. Such is the following:—

"One evening, absorbed in the contemplation of a blazing fire at the house of a friend, and sitting next to two ladies who were carrying on a desultory conversation near him, he heard the lady of the mansion gently chide her companion for having left her daughter by the sea-side alone; upon which he broke silence by audibly observing to himself, 'There is no necessity for being alarmed; she is too plain for any body to dream of running off with her.'"

By far the best of his *bon mots* was his severe and not undeserved retort upon the Prince, who had descended to the meanness of procuring an invitation to a ball purposedly to cut the Beau, with whom he had quarrelled. The anecdote is well known, but Captain Jesse's version of it is more detailed than any we have read. Here it is:—

THE BEAU AND THE PRINCE.

"Lord Alvanley, Brummell, Henry Pierrepont, and Sir Harry Mildmay, gave at the Hanover Square Rooms a fête, which was called the Dandies' Ball. Alvanley was a friend of the Duke of York's; Harry Mildmay young, and had never been introduced to the Prince; Pierrepont knew him slightly; and Brummell was at daggers-drawing with his Royal Highness. No invitation, therefore, was sent to the Prince; but the ball excited much interest and expectation; and, to the surprise of the Amphitryons, a communication was received from his Royal Highness intimating his wish to be present. Nothing, therefore, was left but to send him an invitation; which was done in due form, and in the names of the four spirited givers of the ball. The next question was, how they were to receive their guest; which, after some discussion, was arranged thus: when the approach of the Prince was announced, each of the four gentlemen took, in due form, a candle in his hand. Pierrepont, as knowing the Prince, stood nearest the door, with his wax-light, and Mildmay, as being young and void of offence, opposite; Alvanley, with Brummell opposite, stood immediately within the other two. The Prince at length arrived; and, as was expected, spoke civilly and with recognition to Pierrepont, and then turned and spoke a few words to Mildmay; advancing, he addressed several sentences to Alvanley; and then turned towards Brummell, looked at him, but as if he did not know who he was or why he was there, and without bestowing upon him the slightest symptom of recognition. It was then, at the very instant he passed on, that Brummell, seizing with infinite fun and readiness the notion that they were unknown to each other, said across to his friend, and aloud, for the purpose of being heard, 'Alvanley, who's your fat friend?' Those who were in front and saw the Prince's face, say that he was cut to the quick by the aptness of the satire."

This was admirable presence of mind. But the extravagances in which he had indulged speedily dissipated his patrimony. He gradually fell into poverty, and then into disrespect. His quarrel with the Prince banished him from Court and the highest circles. Thence he descended, as his name ceased to attract, until he was glad to get a good dinner at any table. The last memorable act of his greatness was that on which he most

prided himself—"cutting" the Prince—the story of which is thus told:—

"Brummell, before he sunk under the pressure of poverty, always withstood the Prince of Wales, like a man whose feelings had been injured. Well do I remember an instance of this, one night after the opera. I was standing near the stove of the lower waiting-room, talking to several persons, of whom one is now alive. The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was also standing there, and waiting for his carriage, which used to drive up what was then Market-lane, now the Opera Arcade. Presently, Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends; and, not seeing the prince or his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the Regent; who distinctly saw him, but who of course would not move. In order to stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped him on the back: when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw that there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move: they looked straight into each other's eyes; the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince. It is impossible to describe the impression made by this scene on the bystanders: there was in his manner nothing insolent, nothing offensive; by retiring with his face to the Regent he recognized his rank; but he offered no apology for his inadvertence (as a mere stranger would have done), no recognition as an acquaintance: as man to man, his bearing was adverse and uncompromising."

He was not quite forty years of age when he fled from the society he had so long ruled, a ruined man. Whither he went nobody knew, and nobody cared to inquire. The memory of him remained in the salons, but the man was forgotten. To avoid the importunities of creditors he had taken shelter in France. For fourteen years he vegetated at Calais, dependent for his daily dinner upon the alms of some old friends in London; yet still endeavouring to preserve a shadow of his ancient peculiarities of dress. It is recorded of him by his biographer, that in this exile he spent half of the twenty-four hours in bed, three hours were devoted to the toilet, four to his dinner, and the remainder to reading and talking. His principal amusement was pasting pictures and portraits of his contemporaries on a screen. It was now that poverty compelled him indirectly to apply to the selfish Prince, to whose pleasures he had so much contributed. How it was done is thus told by Captain Jesse:—

THE SNUFF-BOX.

"Brummell had a collection chosen with his singular sagacity and good taste; and one of them had been seen and admired by the Prince, who said, 'Brummell, this box must be mine: go to Gray's, and order any box you like in lieu of it.' Brummell begged that it might be one with his royal highness's miniature; and the Prince, pleased and flattered at the suggestion, gave his assent to the request. Accordingly, the box was ordered, and Brummell took great pains with the pattern and form, as well as with the miniature and the diamonds round it. When some progress had been made, the portrait was shewn to the Prince, who was charmed with it, suggested slight improvements and alterations, and took the liveliest interest in the work as it proceeded. All, in fact, was on the point of being concluded when the scene at Claremont took place. [Where this writer describes the quarrel as originating through the Prince preventing Brummell from joining a party, on the plea of Mrs. Fitzherbert disliking him.] A day or two after this, Brummell thought he might as well go to Gray's and inquire about the box: he did so, and was told that special directions had been sent by the Prince of Wales that the box was not to be delivered: it never was, nor was the one returned for which it was to have been an equivalent. It was this, I believe, more than any thing besides, which induced Brummell to bear himself with such unbending hostility towards the Prince of Wales. He felt that he had treated him unworthily, and from this moment he indulged himself by saying the bitterest things. When pressed by poverty, however, and, as I suppose, somewhat broken in spirit, he at a later period recalled the Prince's attention to the subject of the snuff-box. Colonel Cooke, (who was at Eton called 'Cricketer Cooke,' afterwards known as 'Kangaroo Cooke,') when passing through Calais,

saw Brummell, who told him the story, and requested that he would inform the Prince Regent that the promised box had never been given, and that he was now constrained to recal the circumstance to his recollection. The Regent's reply was, 'Well, Master Kang, as for the box it is all nonsense; but I suppose the poor devil wants a hundred guineas, and he shall have them;' and it was in this ungracious manner that the money was sent, received, and acknowledged."

Mr. Jesse observes, in a note—

"I have heard Brummell speak of this affair of the snuff-box, but never heard him say that he received the hundred guineas."

Our biographer has collected some of the correspondence of his hero, but it is trifling, and exhibits no trace of intellect. He was fond of saying that he owed his advancement in life to the observance of one maxim—"country washing, clean linen, and plenty of it." This is the best picture of the man's mind.

We have seen him in his prosperity. Take now a companion portrait of

BRUMMELL IN ADVERSITY.

"Though I have spoken of Brummell's style of dress in his early life, I shall again briefly describe it here as it came under my own observation. He stood to his Whig colours to the last. His dress on the evening in question consisted of a blue coat with a velvet collar, and the consular button, a buff waistcoat, black trousers, and boots. It is difficult to imagine what could have reconciled him to adopt the two latter innovations upon evening costume, unless it were the usual apology for such degeneracy in modern taste, the altered proportions of his legs. Without entering into a description of the exact number of wrinkles in his white neckcloth, I shall merely say that his tie was unexceptionable, and that his *blanchisseuse* had evidently done her very best in the 'getting up' as these good bodies term it. I may here observe that I never heard the Beau accused, as I have some lions, of having a tin case, with a Bramah lock, to keep his neckcloths in, folded, and free from the unhallowed touch of others, though he always gave careful instructions to his washerwoman how she was to fold them; and his valet assured me at Boulogne, with becoming earnestness, that he never had a failure—he always succeeded in his tie. They were, however, subjected to the strictest inspection, and a speck on one of them, however minute, was the warrant for its return to the soap-suds."

"The only articles of jewellery that I observed about him were a plain ring and a massive chain of Venetian ducat gold, which served as a guard for his watch, and was evidently as much for use as ornament. Only two links of it were to be seen, those that passed from the buttons of his waistcoat to the pocket. The chain was peculiar, and was of the same pattern as those suspended in *terrorem* outside the principal entrance to Newgate. The ring was dug up on the Field of the Cloth of Gold by a labourer, who sold it to Brummell when he was at Calais. An opera-hat and gloves that were held in his hand, completed an attire, which, being remarkably quiet, could never have attracted attention on any other person. His *mise* was peculiar only for its extreme neatness, and wholly at variance with an opinion that I have already mentioned as very prevalent among those who were not personally acquainted with him, that he owed his reputation to his tailor, or to an exaggerated style of dress."

At last something was done for him. He was appointed consul at Caen, with a salary of 400*l.* per annum. On the strength of this pitance, he launched forth into many of his former extravagancies. He went to Paris to pay his respects at court, and while there, ordered a snuff-box which was to cost more than a whole year's income! Debts again accumulated rapidly; he lost his place in consequence, was thrown into prison, and was reduced to actual poverty. To end this strange eventful history, sickness came, reason fled, idiocy ensued. He was taken by charity to the hospital of the Bon Sauveur, at Caen, where he died in the year 1840. What a lesson is read in this hideous picture of

THE BEAU'S LAST DAYS!

"It would be painful as well as tedious, to detail all the different stages of mental decay through which this unfortunate man passed, before he became hopelessly imbecile. One of the most singular eccentricities that he exhibited was the following:—On certain nights some strange fancy would seize him, that it was necessary he should give a party; and he accordingly invited many of the distinguished persons with whom he had been intimate in former days, though some of them were already numbered with the dead."

"On these gala evenings he desired his attendant

to arrange his apartment, set out a whist-table, and light the *bougies* (he burnt only tallow at the time), and at eight o'clock this man, to whom he had already given his instructions, opened wide the door of his sitting-room, and announced the 'Duchess of Devonshire.' At the sound of her grace's well-remembered name, the Beau, instantly rising from his chair, would advance towards the door, and greet the cold air from the staircase, as if it had been the beautiful Georgiana herself. If the dust of that fair creature could have stood reanimate in all her loveliness before him, she would not have thought his bow less graceful than it had been thirty-five years before; for, despite poor Brummell's mean habiliments and uncleanly person, the supposed visitor was received with all his former courtly ease of manner, and the earnestness that the pleasure of such an honour might be supposed to excite. 'Ah, my dear Duchess,' faltered the Beau, 'how rejoiced I am to see you; so very amiable of you at this short notice! Pray bury yourself in this arm-chair; do you know it was a gift to me from the Duchess of York, who was a very kind friend of mine—but, poor thing! you know she is now no more.' Here the eyes of the old man would fill with the tears of idiosyncrasy, and, sinking into the fauteuil himself, he would sit for some time, looking vacantly at the fire, until Lord Alvanley, Worcester, or any other old friend he chose to name, was announced, when he again rose to receive them, and went through a similar pantomime. At ten, his attendant announced the carriages, and this farce was at an end."

Examples are as useful to teach us what to shun as what to follow. Therefore it is that we have abstracted at such length this memoir of BEAU BRUMMELL.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Religion in the United States of America. By the Rev. ROBERT BAIRD. 8vo. London, 1844. Duncan and Malcolm.

It cannot be denied, that every thing American, institutions, manners, man, and society, is habitually scanned by Englishmen through the medium of prejudice; and so generally have the views of British tourists been thus distorted, that readers at home are for the most part lamentably ignorant of the actual phenomena of existence, as exhibited in the peculiar phase of society which circumstances have created in the United States. It is time that we emancipate ourselves from such influences, make acquaintance with the realities of American life, and learn the good as well as the evil of its institutions, political and social. To this end we need unvarnished statements of facts set down by the traveller as he beholds them, without forethought of the reception they will have in England, or purpose to support a preconceived theory. Give us unadorned facts, and we may afterwards apply them when a sufficient store shall have been collected to form the basis of an argument. Until that be done, wise men will hold their judgments in suspense.

Mr. GODBY's work, noticed in our last, and the volume now before us, are calculated to advance the very desirable object indicated above. They both supply facts, collected with industry, and stated with apparent fairness. Mr. BAIRD has wisely limited himself to one topic, which other tourists have entirely neglected, or only partially touched upon, and then with no purpose of serious investigation, but merely to create a laugh or make a scene out of the materials afforded by the extravagancies of fanaticism; as if a like scrutiny of the more obscure sects at home would not afford equally rich food for the scoffer. But the enlarged and serious topic of religion in America, as it affects the community, as it operates upon national habits and individual morals, has not yet been examined systematically; and therefore we hail Mr. BAIRD's earnest endeavour to accomplish that difficult but most useful task, with gratitude for the pains he has taken, and with unaffected admiration of the ability and impartiality with which he has performed the duty he had prescribed to himself.

Most perplexing, because most contradictory, are the accounts that hitherto have reached us of the state of religion in America.

Some have asserted that it was more deeply seated in the heart, and bloomed more luxuriantly in the actions, of the people of the United States than in those of our own country. Others have called them a godless race: both parties have spoken, not according to facts seen, but after some presumption pre-existing in their own minds, that the voluntary system must produce certain effects; and finding that system established, they assert as facts the consequences they had so expected, not those they had beheld. Mr. BAIRD has written in a different and better spirit. He has presumed nothing: he went with his mind unfettered by a theory, resolved to use his eyes, and to set down simply what he saw. Why he has published, shall be told in his own words:—

"In the year 1835, at the instance of several distinguished Christian gentlemen of his native land, the author visited the continent of Europe for the prosecution of certain religious and philanthropic objects, and in this pursuit he has been employed during the seven years that have since elapsed. He has had occasion, in the course of that period, to visit repeatedly almost every country on the Continent, and has been led, also, to spend some time more than once in England and in Scotland, from the latter of which two countries his forefathers were compelled by persecution to emigrate, two hundred years ago.

"In the course of his continental journeys, his engagements introduced him to the acquaintance of a goodly number of distinguished individuals belonging to almost all professions and stations in society. Among these are many who rank high in their respective countries for enlightened piety, zeal, and usefulness in their several spheres. From such persons the author has had innumerable inquiries addressed to him, in all the places he has visited, sometimes by letter, but oftener in conversation, respecting his native country, and especially respecting its religious institutions. To satisfy such inquiries, the author had no alternative but to accede to the earnest, though most kindly expressed request of some distinguished friends in Germany, Sweden, France, and Switzerland, that he would write a work as extensive as the subject might require, on the origin, history, economy, action, and influence of religion in the United States. This task he has endeavoured to accomplish in the course of the summer and autumn that have just elapsed, and which he has been permitted to spend in this ancient city (Geneva), whose institutions and the influence of whose great Reformer have, through their bearings on the history of England and Scotland, so greatly affected the colonization, political government, and religious character of the greater part of North America. His aim throughout this work has been neither to construct a theory on any controverted point in the economy of the church or its relations to the state in any European country, nor to defend the political organization of his own or the conduct of its government, on any measure properly political, whether of foreign or domestic policy. His sole and simple object has been to delineate the religious doctrines and institutions of the United States, and to trace their influence from their first appearance in the country down to the present time, with as little reference as possible to any other country."

And the reader will be enabled to form a judgment of the treasures in store for him from the analysis in the preface:—

"The author has divided his work into eight books or parts. The first is devoted to preliminary remarks intended to throw light on various points, so that readers the least conversant with American history and society may, without difficulty, understand what follows.

"The second book treats of the early colonization of the country now forming the territory of the United States, the religious character of the first European colonists, their religious institutions, and the state of the churches when the revolution took place, by which the colonies became independent of the mother-country.

"The third treats of the changes involved in, and consequent upon, that event—the influence of these changes—the character of the civil government of the States—and the relations subsisting between this government and the churches.

"The fourth exhibits the operations of the voluntary system in the United States, and the extent of its influence there.

"The fifth treats of the discipline of the churches—the character of American preaching—and the subject of revivals.

"The sixth is occupied with brief notices of the Evangelical churches in the United States—their ecclesiastical polity and discipline—the doctrines peculiar to each—their history and prospects.

"The seventh treats, in like manner, of the un-Evangelical sects.

"The eighth shews what the churches are doing in the way of sending the Gospel to other lands."

It would be impossible, within any limits we can command, to follow him step by step through the vast range of topics here indicated. At this time, when the subject is so fiercely debated, his copious analysis of the practical working of the voluntary system will be read with deep interest, and both parties will certainly borrow weapons from the armoury he has supplied. He thus meets an objection often triumphantly raised:—

"Some persons in Europe entertain the idea that if the American plan of supporting religion, by relying, under God's blessing, upon the efforts of the people, rather than upon the help of the government, has succeeded in that country, it has been owing in a great measure, to the fact that the country presented an open field for the experiment; that every thing was new there; that no old establishments had to be pulled down; no deep-rooted prejudices to be eradicated; no time-honoured institutions to be modified; but that all was favourable for attempting something new under the sun. Now it is hardly possible to entertain an idea more remote from the truth than this.

"What follows will demonstrate that so far from committing religion to the spontaneous support of persons cordially interested in its progress, the opposite course was pursued from the first in all the colonies, excepting such as had been founded expressly to afford an asylum for persons coming from countries, or even from other colonies, in which they were compelled to support a worship which they disapproved, and in which they could not conscientiously bear a part. In the greater number of the colonies, in fact, men looked to the civil government for the support of the Christian ministry and worship. Now, what we have here to consider is not the question whether they were right or wrong in doing so, but the simple fact that they actually did so; and, accordingly, that so far from what has been called the voluntary principle having had an open field in America, in those very parts of the country which now, perhaps, best illustrate its efficiency, it had long to struggle with establishments founded on the opposite system, and with strong prepossessions in their favour. * * * * Still more, some of the greatest obstacles which the 'American plan,' as it has sometimes been called in Europe, of supporting religion had to overcome, arose from the erroneous views of the colonists on the subject of religious liberty. The voluntary system rests on the grand basis of perfect religious freedom; I mean freedom of conscience for all; for those who believe Christianity to be true, and for those who do not; for those who prefer one form of worship, and for those who prefer another. This is all implied; or rather it is fully avowed at the first step, in supporting religion upon this plan."

He concludes his review of this topic with the following summary of the results to which, he says, his calm investigations have conducted him:—

RESULTS OF THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM IN AMERICA.

"We here close our notice of the developments of the voluntary principle in the United States; the results will appear more appropriately in another part of my work. If it is thought that I have dealt too much in details, I can only say that these seemed necessary for obvious reasons. There being no longer an union of church and state in any part of the country, so that religion must depend, under God, for its temporal support wholly upon the voluntary principle, it seemed of consequence to shew how rigorously and how extensively that principle has brought gospel influences to bear in every direction upon the objects within its legitimate sphere. In doing this I have aimed at answering a multitude of questions proposed to me during my residence in Europe.

"Thus I have shewn how and by what means funds are raised for the erection of church edifices, for the support of pastors, and for providing destitute places with the preaching of the gospel—this last involving the whole subject of our home missionary efforts; and as ministers must be provided for the settlements forming apace in the West, as well as for the constantly increasing population to be found in the villages, towns, and cities of the East, I entered somewhat at length into the subject of education, from the primary schools, up to the theological seminaries and faculties.

"It was next of importance to shew how the press is made subservient to the cause of the Gospel, and the extension of the kingdom of God: then how the voluntary principle can grapple with existing evils in society, such as intemperance, sabbath-breaking, slavery, and war, by means of diverse associations formed for their repression or removal. And finally, I have reviewed my country's beneficent and humane institutions, and shewn how much the voluntary principle has had to do with their origin and progress.

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"The reader who has had the patience to follow me thus far, must have been struck with the vast versatility, if I may so speak, of this great principle. Not an exigency occurs in which its application is called for, but forthwith those who have the heart, the hand, and the purse to meet the case combine their efforts. Thus the principle seems to extend itself in every direction with an all-powerful influence. Adapting itself to every variety of circumstances, it acts wherever the Gospel is to be preached—wherever vice has to be attacked—and wherever suffering humanity has to be relieved."

We trust it will be understood that in this, as in every other notice of books by THE CRITIC, it is our express design to state fairly the views of the author whose volume is under review, without thereby intending to adopt or approve them. Our duty is simply to convey to our readers a fair description of the subject, argument, story, and style of new publications; leaving it to them further to investigate the pages of such of the authors as may most please their several tastes. In such a spirit only do we describe Mr. BAIRD's account of *Religion in the United States*.

However parties at home may differ in their views of American institutions, they must agree in their admiration of the progress made by the people—a progress without parallel in the history of the world, and the future results of which baffle calculation. This is the bird's-eye view of it taken by Mr. BAIRD:—

PROGRESS OF POPULATION IN AMERICA.

"It is now (1842) about sixty years since the tide of emigration from the Atlantic States set fairly into the valley of the Mississippi, and though no great influx took place in any one year during the first thirty-five of that period, it has wonderfully increased during the last twenty-five. When this emigration westward first commenced, all the necessities that the emigrants required to take with them from the east had to be carried on horseback, no roads for wheeled carriages having been opened through the mountains. On arriving at the last ridge, overlooking the plains to the west, a boundless forest lay stretched out before those pioneers of civilization, like an ocean of living green. Into the depths of that forest they had to plunge. Often would whole years of toil and suffering roll away before they could establish themselves in comfortable abodes. The climate and the diseases peculiar to the different localities were unknown. Hence, fevers of a stubborn type cut many of them off. They were but partially acquainted with the mighty rivers of that vast region, beyond knowing that the common outlet was in the possession of foreigners, who imposed vexatious regulations upon their infant trade. The navigation of those long rivers could be carried on only in flat-bottomed boats, keels, and barges. To descend them was not unattended with danger, but to ascend by means of sweeps and oars, by polling, warping, *bush-whacking*, and so forth, was laborious and tedious beyond description."

"Far different are the circumstances of those colonists now! The mountains at various points are traversed by substantial highways, and still further to augment the facilities for intercourse with the vast western valleys, canals, and railroads are in progress. It is accessible also from the south by vessels from the Gulf of Mexico, as well as from the north by lakes, on whose waters from fifty to a hundred steam boats now pursue their foaming way. As for the navigable streams of the valley itself, besides boats of all kinds of ordinary construction, nearly, if not quite, four hundred steam-boats ply upon their waters, but now, instead of being a boundless forest, uninhabited by civilized men, as it was little more than sixty years ago, the far west contains no fewer than eleven regularly constituted states and two territories, which will soon be admitted as states into the union, the population having meanwhile advanced from ten or twenty thousand Anglo-American inhabitants to above six millions. The names of the states and territories in this western district, with their extent in square miles, are subjoined.

	Square miles.	Population in 1840.
Ohio.....	40,260	1,519,467
Indiana.....	36,500	685,868
Michigan.....	59,700	212,267
Illinois.....	57,900	476,183
Kentucky.....	40,500	779,828
Tennessee.....	40,200	829,210
Missouri.....	63,800	383,702
Arkansas.....	60,700	97,574
Alabama.....	52,900	590,756
Mississippi.....	47,680	375,651
Louisiana.....	49,300	352,411
Wisconsin.....	—	30,945
Iowa.....	—	43,112
Total		6,376,972"

We now take our leave of Mr. BAIRD, with sincere respect for his good feeling and good sense, and commending his work to all who feel an interest in the subject of it as one of the most valuable of modern contributions to the Science of Society.

Travels in New Zealand. By ERNEST DIEFFENBACH, M.D. late Naturalist to the New Zealand Company. London, 1844. Murray. THE READERS OF THE CRITIC are aware of the ruinous condition of this once-flourishing colony; but probably they are not so well informed as to the causes which have produced the catastrophe. Dr. DIEFFENBACH's work throws much light upon the mystery, and should be read by all who desire actual information upon a matter which is of national concern. The book has this further recommendation, that it is an extremely interesting narrative, and describes with patient accuracy the natural resources of the country, shewing what it was capable of becoming, and contrasting what it is with what it might have been.

Now it would appear, from the Doctor's investigations, that the main difficulties of the settlement have been produced by the extreme anxiety of the Government at home to protect the interests of the natives; and in pursuit of this humane object they have actually wrought injustice to the settler. It seems to have been presumed that all bargains for the purchase of land must have been fraudulent, and the *onus* of proof of fairness was thrown upon the burgher. The commission appointed to investigate the titles of such purchases are accused of undue severity in the exercise of their powers, as having set aside many sales that were not tainted with dishonesty, and even in the case of *bona fide* ones, allowing a grant of no more than 2,560 acres, confiscating the surplus to the Government. To this favouritism are traced the disputes between the natives and the settlers, and the bloody scenes that have followed. The Doctor charges the Government with being itself guilty of the land-jobbing it so severely punished in its subjects.

GOVERNMENT LAND-JOBGING.

"But what has happened in New Zealand? Town and country lands were put up by auction, and land speculations were called into existence, which did not fail to damp the prospects, and exercise a most unfavourable influence on the infant colony. In these auctions, Government did not consult the interests of those who had come to New Zealand as legitimate colonists, but only of those who were of no ultimate benefit to the colony—the land-jobbers. There was a thriving little town at Kororarika, in the Bay of Islands; but, instead of supporting a place which already existed, a new town was proposed, that of Russell, situated in the same harbour, but in a place totally unfit for a settlement. 15,000*l.* were expended in the purchase of that spot; and much time of the surveyor-general and his assistants was lost in laying out a town; but, fortunately, the project was afterwards relinquished. A short time afterwards, April 16, 1841, the town of Auckland, which is situated in the estuary of Hauraki, on the eastern coast of the northern island, was put up for sale. The mania for becoming suddenly rich by speculations in town allotments spread like an epidemic through all classes; some of the highest Government officers were infected by it; and, both before and after the day of auction, nothing but land sales and land prices were talked of. At the first sale only 116 allotments were brought to the hammer, covering a surface of 35 acres, 1 rod, 7 perches. 5 rods and 7 perches had been previously chosen by Government officers, who had that privilege; the rest was bought by persons who had time to resort to Auckland from the Australian colonies, after three months' notice in the *Sydney Government Gazette*, or from other places in New Zealand. The whole realized the sum of 21,499*l.* 9*s.*; and thus the Government received a sum which could be brought forward as a sign of the prosperity of the colony, and of the great value of land there; the truth, however, was, that a few land-jobbers raised the price thus high, having bought the ground in all the best situations

—not because they were convinced that the land had that value, but because they could sell it a few days afterwards, parcelled out into diminutive pieces, to the new emigrants, who daily arrived, and who required, cost what it might, a piece of land to erect their houses upon. By this the land-jobbers realized from 200 to 300 per cent. As no land for cultivation was to be obtained, every one thought it best to speculate in land, or to open public-houses, with which the place soon became crowded. A town was made, and nothing was done to support it; a price was given for town land which precluded every chance of its gradually rising in value; on the contrary, as was foreseen by all who knew the resources of the country, it must decrease as soon as people opened their eyes, and thus cause the ruin of the unfortunate purchaser. How could it be otherwise, when a small building allotment actually sold, a short time afterwards, at the rate of 20,000*l.* per acre? The auction in the first place, and the land-jobbers in the second, drained the place of its scanty supply of specie; every article of consumption was imported and paid for in ready money, as nothing else could be given in exchange, and, on account of the bad state of commercial affairs in Sydney, scarcely any credit could be obtained."

But this is only a painful episode in the Doctor's narrative, the greater portion of which is devoted to the natural history of the island, one of whose striking features will interest the reader:—

BOILING LAKES AND SPRINGS.

"On the 1st of June we passed a hill at a short distance to the northward of our route. It was of considerable elevation, and had its original composition almost entirely converted into red or white clay by the hot gases which issued from its whole surface. Towards the evening we reached the hills which surround on all sides the Rotu-Mahana (Warm Lake). When we arrived on the crest of these hills, the view which opened was one of the grandest I had ever beheld. Let the reader imagine a deep lake of a blue colour, surrounded by verdant hills; in the lake several islets, some shewing the bare rock, others covered with shrubs, while on all of them steam issued from a hundred openings between the green foliage without impairing its freshness. On the opposite side a flight of broad steps of the colour of white marble with a rosy tint, and a cascade of boiling water falling over them into the lake. A part of the lake was separated from the rest by a ledge of rocks, forming a lagoon, in a state of ebullition, which discharged its waters into the Rotu-Mahana. We descended to the lake, but a heavy rain came on, and night surprised us.

"After having crossed a streamlet of a blood heat, we found ourselves up to our knees in a muddy swamp, without knowing how to proceed, as our native attendants were still far behind. At last they arrived, and led us to a higher piece of ground, where we pitched our tent, as we did not venture, though all our provisions were exhausted, to go any farther, for our two guides, who were well acquainted with the place, said there was a very bad swamp to be passed before we could reach the native settlement, and that it was doubtful whether there were any natives there. They themselves, however, started, and promised to be back early in the morning with a canoe and food. * * * * The Rotu-Mahana is not more than a mile in circumference. We crossed from it in a canoe into the lake of Tera-wera. The stream connecting them is tepid and of a temperature of 85 degrees. It is more appropriately called Kai-waka (canoe spoiler), as the canoe often touches the rocks of which the bottom is formed. It is rapid, but narrow and serpentine. From its banks issued numerous hot springs, and another flight of silicious steps ascends the bordering hills. Into the Kai-waka a cold stream also discharges itself, which is the outlet of two smaller lakes on the right shore, called Rotu-Makariti (cold lakes). When we came into the Terawera lake, the shores became steep and rocky (trachitic). To our right there rose a curious mountain consisting of several truncated cones, and exactly resembling a fortification, as the upper borders of the cones were fringed all round with perpendicular rocks. This hill is called Montanui-arangi. The rocky shores of Lake Tera-wera are lined with pohutukaua-trees; other vegetation also overhangs the cliffs and peeps out of the fissures of the rock. I was somewhat surprised to find the

pohutukaua-tree (*Metrosideros tomentosa*) on this inland lake, as it is a tree which I never before found but on the sea-shore. This may, perhaps, be regarded as another confirmation of the theory that the lakes which run in a continued chain from Taupo to the eastern coast are the remains of a former arm of the sea, and have been shut up from it by an unlifting of the land. In the summer, when the pohutukaua-trees are covered with their red blossoms, the scenery at this lake must be most beautiful.

"We came to a small native settlement in a nook of the rocks, which hung over it on all sides. In this little bight were several warm springs, which the natives had surrounded with stones, and thus formed basins, in which they were continually sitting. These warm waters served them in the place of fires, as they jumped in as often as they felt cold; and this mode of treatment did not seem to do them any harm, as they looked remarkably healthy. I imitated their example in the night, and found the bath very agreeable. Our kind hosts gave us the best reception in their power.

"In the morning I ascended with some difficulty the highest of the hills surrounding the little bay. I observed from the top a small lake, which bore south 60 degrees east, and in the same direction, and situated among the hills, were two smaller lakes, the Rotu-Makariti (cold lakes), which I have mentioned above as discharging their waters into the Kai-waka. The country over which I looked was of a very hilly description, and only partially wooded. The tops of the hills were covered with a low brown vegetation of grass and fern, and their configuration bore proofs of their volcanic character."

We could cull many passages equally amusing, but may not for want of room for them; these will be enough to exhibit the author's manner, and to induce the addition of his volume to the order-list of the book-club.

SCIENCE.

Six Lectures on the Philosophy of Mesmerism, delivered in the Marlboro' Chapel. By JOHN BOVEE DODS. London, 1844. Chapman, Newgate Street.

THE attention of new subscribers is directed to the prospectus of a Society for the investigation of the alleged phenomena of Mesmerism, which appears among the advertisements in this day's CRITIC.

Already the society has been joined by many gentlemen, whose names, were we permitted to publish them, would be of themselves a guarantee that the object of the association is simply the discovery of the truth. If no other advantage should flow from it, something will at least be gained by the friendly intercourse which it will necessarily produce between intelligent minds thus brought together, with the noble purpose of disinterested philosophical inquiry, by the only safe and satisfactory process—that of experiment.

We trust, therefore, that any of our readers who may feel inclined to join it will at once communicate their desire to do so to the Secretary. The rule excluding lecturers and all persons making a profit of the alleged science is especially worthy of note.

On the occasion of the formation of such a society, we cannot refrain from hazarding a few remarks upon its design, and the principles by which it professes to be guided.

That design has been already assailed by the established weapon of ridicule, and in many quarters attempts have been made to deter persons from joining it, by affixing to it the wonted vocabulary of abusive epithets.

Unhappily, these unholy weapons do not fall upon the timid and the time-serving without effect, nor are such persons an insignificant fraction of the community. Probably there is not in any rank of life one person in ten having the moral courage to brave ridicule and defy abuse in the pursuit of truth. To the timid, therefore, we address a few words of encouragement; to the time-serving, some of rebuke.

To the timid we say thus; first satisfy yourselves that it is the duty of man to investigate the truths of nature; that no truth ever yet discovered has proved worthless; that, besides its own intrinsic value, it becomes as a key to a hundred other truths; then reflect that it is avowed by a great number of men in various countries, of various call-

ings, intelligent and honest men, that they have discovered the existence of an influence, by which the human frame is rendered insensible to ordinary impressions; can endure the most terrible operations without pain, and in which the mind is endowed with faculties either more exalted than in its ordinary state, or undeveloped except in this alleged condition of existence. What in such cases do reason and duty counsel? That you should reject all these multitudes of witnesses as liars, all these cases as impostures, all this promised good as an impossibility, without trial or examination? If a man were to tell you that he had found a means whereby you would double your fortune, and ask you only to see and judge for yourself, would you turn to him a deaf ear? Would you not go and see and prove his truth or falsity? And so, if you are honest and really seek to know the truth, will you try the assertions of the mesmerisers.

Now this is all the society proposes to do. It is not established to advance any theory, to maintain any hypothesis, but simply to test by actual experiment, varied by every means that the ingenuity of the members may suggest, if any and how much of the alleged phenomena be true, and to make known the precise facts thus ascertained; or if it be found to be false, not only to proclaim the falsity, but to detect the source and means of the deception.

Such is the course which, in the ordinary affairs of life, reason and justice would dictate where facts are disputed; and we cannot see why the same rule should not be applied in the pursuits of science.

Still we continually meet persons, ay, and men otherwise rational and honest enough, who in the instance of mesmerism seem to lay aside their ordinary good sense, and who, not content with refusing to believe (which without first seeing and trying they may fairly do), actually refuse to inquire, and will not even see and judge for themselves. This is a state of mind with which it is difficult to deal. Need we remind such persons, that if the same rule had been adopted by all men, the world would be still in a state of ignorance and barbarism? nor, if it were now to be adopted, could man take another forward step in science. Inquiry is of the very essence of discovery, and to refuse to inquire betrays either a fear of truth or a disregard of it, equally unworthy of rational beings.

We ask such persons to put the following case to themselves:—Suppose they had lived before the invention of the mariner's compass; if then they were told that a discovery had been made of a mysterious influence, by which one solid body attracted another, and this though other solid bodies were interposed between them, and so powerful was this influence that a needle endowed with it would, of its own accord, turn and point towards the north. What, we ask, in such case, would such a person have replied? He would have said, "It is impossible. It is contrary to nature. What can be this influence which you cannot see or feel, and which passes through solid bodies in a moment? Explain how these things can be, and perhaps I will believe." In reply, it would have been urged, "We cannot explain the how or the why, we have only ascertained the fact that so it is. Come and see; try it yourself, and prove it." Still the answer would have been even as now it is, "I should not believe if I saw, for unless you can explain it I shall consider you all as impostors, and your experiments delusions."

Such would have been the language in relation to magnetism which they would have used then who now reject mesmerism without inquiry. And yet the science of magnetism has become established, its facts nobody disputes; they would have lived to see themselves left lagging in the rear of knowledge, while to this day every objection they would then have raised against inquiry—that it was inexplicable—is still strictly true of it. We are ignorant now as then of what it is, or how it operates; we only know the fact that so it is, and that fact we have employed for most valuable purposes. With mesmerism likewise, the fact is all we know, perhaps all that we shall ever know; but why should not this inexplicable fact prove as useful to humanity as the inexplicable facts of magnetism?

But we fear that in addressing the wilfully deaf, we are wasting words. It is to the candid, the inquiring, the open-minded, to those who have eyes and ears and reason, and are willing to use them, that we must make our appeal. Let us assure such that we have no sympathy with the quacks, who are perambulating the country, pretending to explore and explain a science in relation to which the best-

informed men are always the first to admit the very little that is known about it. There is no doubt that many impositions are practised under the name of mesmerism by itinerant lecturers and quacks, who are ever ready to trade upon popular curiosity. The public exhibitions that have been made of it in various parts of the country are calculated to do immense damage to the progress of truth, by exciting against the science the prejudices which are raised and almost justified by the ignorance and the humbug of pretended professors. It is to rescue it from such hands that the projected society is established.

The rules will be framed with strict care to insure singleness of purpose in its inquiries, by sedulously excluding any person who has any other interest in mesmerism than that of a lover of truth and an humble investigator of the boundless realms of natural science, only the confines of which man has yet succeeded in exploring. In the present imperfect state of human knowledge, to reject any thing without inquiry, merely because it appears strange and wonderful, is not a mark of wisdom but a proof of pride. The wise man, conscious how verily "our knowledge is a molehill removed from the mountain of our ignorance," will not credulously believe upon assertion, but he will not as foolishly reject; he will hold his judgment in suspense, neither affirming nor denying, neither believing nor disbelieving; he will seek every opportunity to inform himself of the fact, and upon the best evidence that his senses and his reason can afford, he will found his sober judgment.

This is the principle upon which our society is based: this is its single-minded purpose: we are not mesmerisers nor anti-mesmerisers; not believers nor unbelievers; not friends nor opponents; but simply inquirers; men with honest purposes, humble minds, keen eyes and clear heads, who propose to meet together, and by their united ingenuity to ascertain, through manifold experiments, properly tested, whether mesmerism be true, and to what extent, or false: if true, to proclaim it; if false, to detect and expose its trickeries to the scorn and avoidance of the world.

The little pamphlet named at the head of this article will be read with interest, as a calm and philosophical exposition of all that is yet known of mesmerism. The lectures were delivered at Boston, U.S., the lecturer being a gentleman of independent circumstances, and of repute as a man of sound judgment, who sought not gain, but was actuated solely by a desire to spread truths which he believed to be of extreme importance. He tells us that he had read every thing for and against mesmerism for seven years. During five of these seven years, he remained a sceptic, stubbornly refusing to see or inquire for himself. At length he was persuaded to witness some experiments; they shook his self-confidence; he began to investigate, at first, with a conviction that it was an imposture, but having satisfied himself, by every test that he could devise, that all was real, he had the rare moral courage to confess himself a convert. He thus combats one very common ground of scepticism.

"There is one apology, however, to be offered in favour of honest sceptics. It is this: Those who have lectured on mesmerism have not pretended to give any cause for the wonderful phenomena produced—have held them in mystery, and perhaps pronounced them inscrutable to the human intellect. Hence, it is not strange that thousands, under such an impression, should refuse to investigate a subject which its advocates held in mystery. That there are mysteries in mesmerism I readily admit; but that there are more than in any other science, I deny. We may, for instance, tell the chemical properties of earth, water, and air, and the degree of warmth necessary to produce vegetation. But still no one can solve the mystery how an acorn becomes an oak, or a seed becomes a plant. There is no science in the universe, but what has some incomprehensibilities resting upon its face; but this circumstance is considered no objection to the truth of any science. Hence, there is no reason why mesmerism should be rejected on this ground.

"Yet thousands do reject it, because they contend that it is incomprehensibly strange! They know nothing but what is strange, and yet, what is strange they cannot believe! All the operations of nature going on around us are strange, and the only reason we have ceased to wonder is, because they are common. All such objections are therefore futile."

He objects to the name of ANIMAL MAGNETISM and prefers that of MENTAL ELECTRICITY, "because it is the direct impulse of mind upon the minds and bodies of others." It is, he says, "the science of mind and its powers."

He then proceeds to the development of his theory. But as we cannot do justice to it at the close of an essay longer than, perhaps, we ought to have indulged in, we will postpone an abstract of it to our next number.

FICTION.

The Heretic. Translated from the Russian of *Lajéchnikoff*. By THOMAS B. SHAW, B.A. of Cambridge. In 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1844. Blackwood and Co.

MUCH has been written, and more said, to prove the ignorance, folly, and general insufficiency of our present system of novel-writing: we have worn out the standard themes, and now turn with most thankful hearts to any thing which represents to us more of nature and truth, those grand aims of all fiction, which seem to have been gradually lost sight of by our enlightened age. We hardly think this evil has arisen from a want of interest in our own modes and customs, conventional and unnatural though they be: human nature is the same everywhere, and continually offers subjects of powerful sympathy. Thus, we are inclined to think, the defects must be ascribed to our authors, who seem utterly incapable of seizing upon those points which excite the common interest of mankind, and have, therefore, brought forth a hot-bed of literature, if we can dignify it with such a name, so infinitely penance-inflicting to read, that, upon slenderest suspicion of its effects, we believe the vanity-filled scribblers would instantly cease their labours, and "in mercy spare." The consequence, or rather one consequence of this—for it involves as much of a nation's rise and progress as any other point in their national history—is to be seen in the numerous translations with which we are now inundated. And this search after the real and the heart-speaking is not wholly without its reward. Germany, Denmark, and Sweden "lend us their aid." As to the novel-writing in France, extraordinary and outrageous though it be, we must look upon it with patience, not expecting to gather figs of thorns, but regard it as one of the numberless results of their fearful revolution; as an evil which must have its day, but, from its very violence, will soon exhaust the power which now appears to be uncontrollable. The translator of the *Heretic* introduces his work to us by a sensible, clever preface, a pleasing presage of the sequel, from which we extract a few remarks concerning the literature of Russia as compared to that of other European nations:—

"We have said that, in this hunt after new scenes and new characters, the novelist has penetrated into every country: there is one remarkable exception. While the literature of every land has been laid under contribution, its history ransacked, and its manners daguerreotyped, one nation has apparently almost altogether escaped; and this a nation by no means inferior to many others in the wealth, either of recollections of past ages, or the peculiarities of social and political constitution. How happens it that Russia, an empire so gigantic in extent, and so important a member of the great European family—that Russia, with her reminiscences of two centuries and a half of Tartar dominion, of her long and bloody struggles with the Ottoman and the Pole—whose territories stretch almost from the arctic ice to the equator, and whose half Oriental diadem bears inscribed upon it such names as Peter and Catharine—should have been passed over as incapable of supplying rich materials for fiction and romance? If the hundred nations which cover so vast a proportion of the globe, from the dwarfish hunter of the Yenisei to the tawny brigand of the Caucasus, could offer no peculiarities of manners, no wild superstitions to gratify our ever-craving curiosity, assuredly the fierce domination of the Golden Horde, the plain of Poltava, the grey Kremlin of Mother Moscow, and the golden cupolas of Novgorod the Great, might be expected to afford something interesting. It is, however, no less singular than true, that with the literature and manners of Russia the English public is still totally unacquainted. Little has hitherto appeared in the way of translation from the Russian, save a few miserable scraps and extracts, the subjects as ill selected as the versions were feebly executed: some of these, indeed, were not made from the original

language, but were manufactured from a wretched French *réchauffée* of an equally worthless German translation. It is obvious that the only mode by which we can hope to make the English public really well acquainted with their brethren of the North, is, to allow the latter to speak for themselves. Of the immense number of travellers whom *ennui* or curiosity sends forth every year from our shores to visit foreign countries, a very small proportion visits Russia; and this, for obvious reasons, consists chiefly of the rich and noble classes of society. A man of fortune travelling *en prince* is not likely to take the trouble of acquiring a new and difficult language solely for the purpose of studying the manners and feelings of the peasantry—a language, too, which he can dispense with; as for him it is possible to travel from one extremity of the empire to the other without knowing a single word of it. Besides this, Russian is emphatically the language of the lower classes, between which and the higher ranks a barrier is fixed more insurmountable than one accustomed to the subdivisions of English society can conceive. The great distances traversed by such a traveller, generally in a limited time, the prejudices and superstitions of the people, the habit, till of late years universal, among the higher classes, of using the French language as a medium of communication with each other—all this tends to increase the difficulty of a foreigner's attempt to make himself acquainted with the sentiments and character of the Russian people. The literature of this country has often been reproached with its poverty, an accusation certainly true if a comparison be made between Russia and Western Europe, but considerably exaggerated. Comparatively poor it undeniably is; it contains, however, much, both prose and poetry, that would possess novelty and high interest to the British reader. The indulgent, nay flattering, reception met with by the translator in his first attempt to make his countrymen acquainted with the production of the Northern muse, has encouraged him to offer the present work in an English dress. He was induced to select this romance for several reasons: it is the work of an author to whom all the critics had judged the praise of a perfect acquaintance with the epoch which he has chosen for the scene of his drama. Russian critics, some of whom have reproached M. Lajéchnikoff with certain faults of style, and in particular with innovations on orthography, have all united in conceding to him the merit of great historical accuracy, not only as regards the events and characters of his story, but even in the less important matters of costume, language, &c."

All the characters are drawn with truth and freedom, if not with overpowering energy. Ivan Vassilivitch, the reformer-king, the passionate and bigoted man, struggling beneath his chains of ignorance and barbarism to advance his country on the grand march of civilization, is the most prominent object in the story. His character is sketched with a masterly hand, and bears upon it the stamp of truth: we are inclined to think it the best portion of the novel. The heroine is unfortunately a failure. Where is the author who can portray a woman? Even the great Sir Walter only succeeded in one or two. What, then, can be expected from others who lay no claim to his varied excellence? The hero is natural, an all-important requisite—brave, manly, amiable, generous, and all a hero should be. Moreover, he is the child of destiny; and the wonderful circumstances attending his birth would alone secure our interest in his future fortunes. "Antony was a physician. The son of a baron a physician? Strange! Wonderful! How reconcile with his profession the pride of the German nobility of that day? To judge what the baron must have felt, we must remember that at this period physicians were for the most part Jews, then regarded as outcasts of humanity, the Pariahs of society." How, then, and wherefore did this come to pass?—

"They were laying the foundations of a temple at Rome. . . . That this was a memorable day may be judged, when I say that they were laying the foundations of St. Peter's. On this day was fixed the corner-stone, the embryo of that wondrous structure; but half a century was yet to elapse before the genius of Bramante was to complete it. From all directions were crowding Italians and foreigners; many out of curiosity to witness the magnificent spectacle, some from duty, others from the love for art, or religious feeling. The ceremony fully corresponded with the grandeur of its object; the Pope (Nicholas V. the founder of the Vatican library) had not spared his treasures; a crowd of cardinals, dukes, princes, the successor of St. Peter in person, with his cortège, a legion of Cor-

dottieri, glittering with arms, pennons, oriflammes; flowers, gold, chanting—all this enveloped in steaming incense, as if it marched in clouds, presented a wondrous spectacle. But who could have imagined that a mere trifle had nearly destroyed the grandeur of this procession!

"Into the crowd of distinguished foreigners, who surpassed each other in dress and stateliness, following the Pope's train at a short distance, had inviolated itself a little deformed figure of an Italian, habited in a modest cloak. This had the effect of a spot of dirt on the marble of a sculptor, a beggarly patch on a velvet toga, the jarring of a broken string in the midst of an harmonious concert. It seemed as if the abortion had mingled with that brilliant throng on purpose to revenge upon it his own deformity. The splendid young men around him began to whisper among themselves, and to cast sidelong glances at him, and, by degrees, to jostle him. The dwarf went on in silence. Then they began to inquire who was this insolent unknown, who had dared to spoil the cortège so carefully prepared; and they learned that he was a physician of Padua. 'A leech! certes, a grand personage! . . . Some Jew!' At this moment divers pretty faces looked out of a window; one laughed archly, and another seemed to point with her finger at the train of young men. . . . Was this to be endured? The sidelong glances and grimaces began again; a cross fire of mockery was poured forth; some trode on the dwarf's toes, others shouldered him: he, as though he was deaf, blind, or senseless, continued to advance. 'He stinks of carrion!' said one: 'Of barber's soap!' cried another. 'I'll shave him with my double-edged razor!' added a third, menacing him with his sabre. 'Metal is too good for such rascaille!' said a stately young German who was next to the Italian; 'the baton is good enough for him!' Then the figure clapped its little hand to its side as if to find a dagger, but it had no arms: from its tiny mouth burst forth the word 'knecht!' probably because some of the German mercenaries were called *lanzknechts*. O, you should have seen what an effect this word produced on the young Teuton! A crimson flush mounted to his face, his lips quivered; with a vigorous hand he seized the little man by the collar, lifted him into the air, and hurled him out of the line of procession. This was done so rapidly, that nothing could be seen but arms and legs struggling for two or three instants in the air. Nought was heard but a whizz, then a fall on the pavement, and then—neither sigh nor motion. 'Well done, Baron!' cried the athlete's companions, closing up the ranks, and laughing insidiously as though nothing had happened. The unfortunate wretch who had been thrown to the dust with such gigantic force, was the Paduan doctor, Antonio Fioraventi. In that diminutive frame was manifested the highest intellect. All spoke of his learning, of the miracles which he had performed on the sick, of the goodness of his heart, of the disinterestedness of his character. But they knew not the greatness of his soul; for he never had been obliged to struggle with destiny or man. Till then his life had been one uninterrupted success; learning, wealth, glory—all had been given to him, as though in compensation for the injustice of nature; and all this was concealed under the veil of an almost feminine modesty. On seeing him for the first time, it was almost impossible to avoid laughing at his diminutive, distorted figure; but at every succeeding interview he seemed to grow imperceptibly taller and less ugly in your eyes, so attractive were his intellect and his heart. Travelling in search of opportunity to exercise his humanity and science, he had only just arrived in Rome, and at his first step, as it were, across the threshold of the Eternal City, he made a most unhappy stumble. At the time of the procession, an indistinct but overwhelming impulse had carried him, without the sanction of his will, into the circle of the brilliant foreigners: how severely was he punished for his absence of mind!

"When he came to himself all was still and empty around him—only dark phantoms appeared to dance before his eyes; and among them the young German seemed to be trampling on him: his head was so heavy, his thoughts so confused, that he could hardly understand where he was. Re-assembling his ideas, he crawled to his lodging; but the image of his opponent followed him all the way. From this moment, that image never quitted Antonio Fioraventi; had he been a painter, he could at once have put him on canvas; he could have pointed him out among crowds of people; he would have known him at the end of a thousand years.

"He passed some weeks in a violent fever: in his delirium he saw nothing but the German; at his recovery, the first object his mind could recall was the hated German. With returning strength grew the desire for revenge; his endowments, science, his wealth, his connexions, his life—he would have sacrificed all to this feeling. A thousand means, a thousand plans were thought of, by which to avenge his humiliation. Could those thoughts have been fulfilled, from them would have arisen a giant reaching the sky. Antonio began to cherish his life, as we guard the sharp blade of the falchion when we

make ready for the battle. To revenge—and then to throw his soul into the talons of the fiend, if it were not granted him to prostrate it before the Throne of God!"

Years passed, and the burning desire of revenge seemed quenched by the unsuccessful efforts to satiate itself. The Paduan doctor has reached the very summit of fame; he travels to Augsburg:—"Here a report was soon spread abroad that he could recall the dying to life, could raise them from the dead." He is called in to attend the lady of the Baron Ehrenstein, who is dying in her confinement.

"The sun brightly illuminated the staircase—every object was distinctly seen: the first movement of the baron—the proud, the haughty kinsman of a king—was to throw himself at the feet of the Italian, and to implore him to save his wife. Gold, lands, honours—all were promised to him if he would save her who was dearer than life itself.

"Antonio glanced at the master of the house. . . . Great God! Merciful powers! 'Twas he, that terrible, that hated German, who had insulted him so cruelly at Rome. It was impossible to mistake. The man whom he had been tracking so many years—whose blood he had so thirsted for—for vengeance on whom he would have sold himself to Satan—that man was at his feet, in his power. Fioraventi laughed within his soul a laugh of hell: the man who had heard that laugh would have felt his hair bristle up. His hands shook, his lips quivered, his knees sank under him; but he struggled to be calm, and said, with a Satanic smile—"Well, we will see!"

"In these words a whole eternity was condensed. The baron did not recognize him: how could he, in the midst of such agonizing despair, remember, or form a clear idea of any thing! He saw in him only the preserver of his wife—his guardian angel; and he was ready to bear him in his arms to the chamber of the sufferer.

"Haste, in the name of God, haste!" cried Ehrenstein, in a tone that would have touched a tiger.

"Well, we will see!" sternly replied Fioraventi, and at this moment the genius of revenge illumined, as with a flickering lightning flash, the dark abysses of his soul, and traced out what he was to do.

"They proceed: they enter the sufferer's chamber. A half light, cautiously admitted, allowed the physician to distinguish her features, and to perform his duties. How beautiful she was, in spite of her sufferings! His foe was happy in her! so much the better! Still more deep and vast would be his vengeance!

"God be thanked—the priest!" said the baroness in a dying voice.

"No, my love! it is not the priest," softly whispered Ehrenstein consolingly: "do not despair; this is a famous physician who will save you. . . . My presentiment will not deceive me. . . . I believe firmly; and do thou, dearest, believe also."

"Ah, learned physician! save me!" faintly uttered the dying lady.

"A minute—two—three—five—of deep, gravelike silence! they were counted on the husband's heart by the icy fingers of death. At length Fioraventi went up to him.

"She And the physician stopped. Ehrenstein devoured him with hungry eyes and ears. His mouth was open, but he uttered no sound. He was panting to say 'life' or 'death.'

"She And the physician again stopped. The baron's face became convulsed.

"She shall be saved. I answer for it with my life," said Fioraventi firmly—and the baron looked like some statue about to descend from its pedestal. Ehrenstein was irradiated with life: in silence he took Antonio's hand, in order to press it to his lips. The physician drew it back.

"She shall be saved, and your child also," he whispered; "but with a condition on my part."

"Whatever you can wish," replied the baron.

"Think not that my request will be easy for you."

"I will refuse nothing. Demand my lands, my life, if you will."

"I am an Italian," said the physician; "I trust not to words. . . . The matter affects my welfare. . . . I must have an oath."

"I swear."

"Stop! I saw a priest there."

"I understand: you desire. . . . Let us go!"

They went into the next chamber.

"There stood an old man—a servant of God—holding the sacred elements: he was preparing to separate the earthly from the earth, and to give it wings to heaven.—'Holy father,' said the baron solemnly, 'be a mediator between me and the living God, whom now I call on to witness my oath.'

"The priest, not understanding wherefore, but

moved by the deep voice of the baron, raised the cup with the sacraments, and reverently bent his hoary head.

"Now, repeat after me," interrupted Fioraventi in a trembling voice, as though awe-struck by the sanctity of the solemn rite; "but remember that twenty minutes, and no more, remain for me to save your wife: let them pass; and then blame yourself." Ehrenstein continued in the same deep, soul-felt tone, but so as not to be heard in his wife's chamber—"If my Amalia is saved, I swear by Almighty God, and by the most holy body of his only-begotten Son; may I perish in the agonies of hell, and may all my house perish even as a worm, when I depart from my oath." Then he turned his eyes on the physician, awaiting his dictation. The physician continued firmly:—"If a son is born to me, the first-born."

"The baron repeated:—"If a son is born to me, the first-born."

"In a year to give up him, my son, to the Paduan doctor, Antonio Fioraventi."

"The baron stopped. . . . A fountain of fire rushed to his heart. . . . He gazed at the tempter with all the power of his memory. . . . That glance recalled the adventure in Rome. . . . He recognized his opponent, and guessed his sentence.

"Speak, my lord baron: of the twenty minutes some are already gone."

"Ehrenstein continued with quivering lips:—"In a year to give up him, my son, to the Paduan doctor, Antonio Fioraventi: the same whom I, about five years ago, insulted without reason, and whom I now, before Jesus Christ, who pardoned the sins even of the thief, humbly implore to pardon me."

"Pardon? . . . ha! . . . No, proud baron! there is no mercy for you now! . . . Five years have I waited for this moment. . . . Say:—"I swear, and I repeat my oath; to give up my first-born, when he is a year old, to the leech Fioraventi, that he may bring him up to be a physician: wherefore I endow Master Fioraventi with the authority of a father; and that I will in no way interfere with his education, or in any thing else concerning him. If a daughter is born to me, to give her in marriage to the leech. . . . he alone, Fioraventi, is to have the right to absolve me from this oath."

"No! I will not utter that!"

"Save me, I die!" was heard from the adjoining chamber. It was the faint voice of the Baroness Ehrenstein.

"And the baron, without delay, repeated all Fioraventi's words, one after the other, in a funeral voice, as if he was reading his own death-doom: a cold sweat streamed from his forehead. When he had concluded, he sank senseless into a chair, supported by his faithful attendant Yan and the priest, who had been for some time the agitated witnesses of this dreadful scene. Both hastened to render him assistance.

"In the mean time Fioraventi rushed into the bed-chamber. After some minutes, Ehrenstein opened his eyes, and the first sound he heard was the cry of an infant.

"All was forgotten.

"He went cautiously to the door of the bed-chamber, and applied his ear to it; the lying-in woman was talking in a low voice. . . . She was thanking the physician.

"The leech returned, and said:—"My lord baron, I congratulate you on a son."

It is thus that, predestined to degradation, as it was then deemed, the young Antony is given up to the care of his father's deadly foe, and accompanies an embassy into Russia, where his further adventures and untimely end form the subject of three goodly volumes. The intricacy of events precludes the possibility of any analysis of the story: our extracts have already been long; but all who feel disposed to take up the book will amply reap the reward of their time. The interest is hardly maintained with perfect equality throughout, but the power of the closing scenes atones for any deficiency which may here and there be felt; and judging from this specimen of a celebrated Russian author, we shall gladly welcome any other which may find its way to our island of uninteresting novelists.

Coningsby; or, the New Generation. A Novel. By BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI. 3 vols. London, 1844.

THIS is certainly a remarkable book, and cannot fail to be read with eager curiosity, not only for its many portraits from the life, laudatory and satirical, but for that it is a bold attempt to describe the principles and

purposes of the notable band of enthusiastic youths, who form what has been called the YOUNG ENGLAND clique in the House of Commons. Moreover, Mr. D'ISRAELI, who aspires to the leadership of this party, if it deserve the name, has performed his task with very great ability, and there will be found scattered over these pages, amid their many follies, frivolities, affectations, and rhapsodies, bright flashes of genius, and often profound reflections which bear undoubted testimony to the presence of abilities of a high class, and almost tempt us to forgive the unsoundness of judgment that could mingle so much that is offensive with so much that is pleasing.

The first characteristic that strikes the reader, and from which he can never escape for a dozen pages together, is the extravagant affectation of the writer; the second, his intense egotism. It is evident that Benjamin D'Israeli believes himself to be the Atlas, on whose shoulders rests the weight of the world; that he is born to regenerate society, in the YOUNG ENGLAND sense of that phrase—that is, to restore it to the condition of some centuries since, when their Elysium, a pure monarchy and despot church, spread peace and plenty over the land, the former keeping the bodies, the latter the minds, of men in submissive slavery. The people then danced in fetters, it is true, but, says YOUNG ENGLAND, still they danced. Now they groan in freedom; and adopting the fallacy that the *post hoc* is the *propter hoc*, the conclusion is forthwith drawn that freedom is the cause of distress, and that to restore the chains is to bring back the circumstances which then made those chains endurable.

Such is the philosophy indirectly sought to be conveyed by *Coningsby*; but how the end is to be obtained, even if it be desirable, the coxcombical author has not deigned to inform us. The how and the when are matters which he leaves involved in profoundest mystery; but the time, he asserts, is nigh at hand, and the man!—Why there he is,—with curled locks, sweetly scented, clothed in fashion's most perfect style, the sublime of dandyism,—Benjamin D'Israeli!—A sort of man, verily, to be a prophet, a hero, a leader of the people, a revolutionizer of society! This is your *New Generation*!

But as we have said, spite of all this, *Coningsby* is a remarkably clever novel, and deeply interesting, for it deals with men and things about us with a rare freedom. Its main purpose is to deride the modern doctrines of Conservatism, and to expose the hollowiness and artifices of those by whom it is professed. Mr. D'Israeli deems it to be only liberalism in disguise, and, therefore, worse than avowed Liberalism, which he calls respectability, because it is honest, while Conservatism, he says, has not even the respectability of honesty. He is for dropping altogether the new name and the principles, and going back to plain and undisguised Toryism in title and practice; and to aid his argument, he introduces characters into his novel which, under the thinnest disguises, are palpably sketches from the life, done with a hand that can wield the polished weapons of wit and sarcasm with a power possessed by few writers of our time.

The plot is, of course, a secondary matter altogether. The very flimsiest string was sufficient to enable him to link together his real-life personages. We shall not, therefore, attempt an abstract of it, but limit our extracts to some of the most racy passages, having a distinct interest of their own, and conveying the best notion of the style and powers of the writer. Of course, every person will read the volumes as soon as he can procure them. Meanwhile, the following will serve to tickle, not to stay, the appetite.

There is no mistaking the author's original in the magnificent coxcomb *Sidonius*. It is manifestly a portrait of himself. Here it is.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

"Coningsby had never met or read of any one like this chance companion. His sentences were so short, his language so racy, his voice rang so clear, his elocution was so complete. On all subjects his mind seemed to be so instructed and his opinions formed. He flung out a result in a few words; he solved with a phrase some deep problem that men muse over for years. He said many things that were strange, yet they immediately appeared to be true. Then, without the slightest air of pretension or parade, he seemed to know everybody as well as everything. Monarchs, statesmen, authors, adventurers of all descriptions, and of all climes—if their names occurred in their conversation, he described them in an epigrammatic sentence, or revealed their precise position, character, calibre, by a curt dramatic trait. All this, too, without any excitement of manner; on the contrary, with repose amounting almost to nonchalance. If his address had a fault in it, it was rather a deficiency of earnestness. A slight spirit of mockery played over his speech, even when you deemed him most serious; you were startled by his sudden transitions from profound thought to poignant sarcasm. A very singular freedom from passion and prejudice on every topic on which they treated might be some compensation for this want of earnestness; perhaps was its consequence. Certainly it was difficult to ascertain his precise opinions on many subjects, though his manner was frank even to abandonment. And yet throughout his whole conversation, not a stroke of egotism, not a word, not a circumstance, escaped him by which you could judge of his position or purposes in life. As little did he seem to care to discover those of his companion. He did not by any means monopolize the conversation. Far from it, he continually asked questions, and while he received answers, or had engaged his fellow-traveller in any exposition of his opinions or feelings, he listened with a serious and fixed attention, looking Coningsby in the face with a steadfast glance.

"I perceive," said Coningsby, pursuing a train of thought which the other had indicated, "that you have great confidence in the influence of individual character. I have also some confused persuasions of that kind. But it is not the spirit of the age."

"The age does not believe in great men, because it does not possess any," replied the stranger. "The spirit of the age is the very thing that a great man changes."

"But does he not rather avail himself of it?" inquired Coningsby.

"Parvenus do," rejoined his companion, "but not prophets, great legislators, great conquerors. They destroy and they create."

"But are these times for great legislators and great conquerors?" urged Coningsby.

"When were they more wanted?" asked the stranger. "From the throne to the hovel all call for a guide. You give monarchs constitutions to teach them sovereignty, and nations Sunday-schools to inspire them with faith."

"But what is an individual," exclaimed Coningsby, "against a vast public opinion?"

"Divine," said the stranger. "God made man in his own image; but the public is made by newspapers, members of Parliament, excise officers, poor-law guardians. Would Philip have succeeded, if Epaminondas had not been slain? And if Philip had not succeeded? Would Prussia have existed if Frederick had not been born? And if Frederick had not been born? What would have been the fate of the Stuarts if Prince Henry had not died, and Charles I. as was intended, had been Archbishop of Canterbury?"

"But when men are young, they want experience," said Coningsby, "and when they have gained experience, they want energy."

"Great men never want experience," said the stranger.

"But everybody says that experience—"

"Is the best thing in the world—a treasure for you, for me, for millions. But for a creative mind, less than nothing. Almost everything that is great has been done by youth."

Coningsby is enthusiastic in praise of youth, by whom he asserts that all great things are accomplished. The conversation continues, Coningsby having remarked that "the history of heroes is the history of youth." Whereupon Sidonia feels his heart glow within him:

"Ah! I should like to be a great man."

"The stranger threw at him a scrutinizing glance. His countenance was serious. He said in a voice of almost solemn melody:

"Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe that the heroic makes heroes."

"You seem to me a hero," said Coningsby, in a tone of real feeling, which, half ashamed of his emotion, he tried to turn into playfulness.

"I am, and must ever be," said the stranger, "but a dreamer of dreams." Then going towards the window and changing into a familiar tone, as if to divert the conversation, he added, "What a delicious after-

noon! I look forward to my ride with delight. You rest here?"

"No; I go on to Nottingham, where I shall sleep."

"And I in the opposite direction." And he rang the bell and ordered his horses.

"I long to see your mare again," said Coningsby. "She seemed to me so beautiful."

"She is not only of pure race," said the stranger, "but of the highest and rarest breed of Arabia. Her name is 'the Daughter of the Star.' She is a foal of that famous mare which belonged to the Prince of Wahabees; and to possess which, I believe, was one of the principal causes of war between that tribe and the Egyptians. The Pacha of Egypt gave her to me, and I would not change her for her statue in pure gold, even carved by Lysippus. Come round to the stable and see her."

"They went out together. It was a soft sunny afternoon; the air fresh from the rain, but mild and exhilarating."

"The groom brought forth the mare. 'The Daughter of the Star' stood before Coningsby with her sinewy shape of matchless symmetry; her burnished skin, black mane, legs like those of an antelope, her little ears, dark speaking eye, and tail worthy of a pacha. And who was her master, and whither was she about to take him?"

"Coningsby was so naturally well-bred, that he may be sure it was not curiosity; no, it was a finer feeling that made him hesitate and think a little, and then say:

"I am sorry to part."

"I also," said the stranger. "But life is constant separation."

"I hope we may meet again," said Coningsby.

"If our acquaintance be worth preserving," said the stranger, "you may be sure it will not be lost."

"But mine is not worth preserving," said Coningsby earnestly. "It is yours that is the treasure. You teach me things of which I have long mused."

"The stranger took the bridle of the 'Daughter of the Star,' and, turning round with a faint smile, extended his hand to his companion.

"Your mind at least is nurtured with great thoughts," said Coningsby, "your actions should be heroic."

"Action is not for me," said the stranger; "I am of that faith that the Apostles professed before they followed their Master."

Here is a portrait which all will recognize:—

RIGBY.

"Mr. Rigby was a member for one of Lord Monmouth's boroughs. He was the manager of Lord Monmouth's Parliamentary influence, and the auditor of his vast estates. He was more: he was Lord Monmouth's companion when in England, his correspondent when abroad—hardly his counsellor, for Lord Monmouth never required advice; but Mr. Rigby could instruct him in matters of detail, which Mr. Rigby made amusing. Rigby was not a professional man; indeed, his origin, education, early pursuits, and studies, were equally obscure; but he had contrived in good time to squeeze himself into Parliament by means which no one could ever comprehend, and then set up to be a perfect man of business. The world took him at his word, for he was bold, acute, and voluble; with no thought, but a good deal of desultory information; and though destitute of all imagination and noble sentiment, was blessed with a vigorous, mendacious fancy, fruitful in small expedients, and never happier than when devising shifts for great men's scrapes."

"They say that all of us have one chance in this life, and so it was with Rigby. After a struggle of many years, after a long series of the usual alternatives of small successes and small failures, after a few cleverish speeches, and a good many cleverish pamphlets, with a considerable reputation, indeed, for pasquinades, most of which he never wrote, and articles in reviews to which it was whispered he had contributed, Rigby, who had already intrigued himself into a subordinate office, met with Lord Monmouth."

"He was just the animal that Lord Monmouth wanted; for Lord Monmouth always looked upon human nature with the callous eye of a jockey. He surveyed Rigby, and he determined to buy him; he bought him, with his clear head, his indefatigable industry, his audacious tongue, and his ready and unscrupulous pen; with all his dates, all his lampoons; all his private memoirs, and all his political intrigues. It was a good purchase. Rigby became a great personage, and Lord Monmouth's man."

It is strange to review from a member of the Conservative party such a description as this of—

CONSERVATISM SKETCHED BY A TORY.

"By Jove!" said the panting Buckhurst, throwing himself on the sofa, "it was well done; never was anything better done. An immense triumph! The greatest triumph the Conservative cause has had. And yet," he added, laughing, "if any fellow were to

ask me what the Conservative cause was, I am sure I should not know what to say."

"Why its the cause of our glorious institutions," said Coningsby. "A crown robbed of its prerogatives; a church controlled by a commission, and an aristocracy that does not lead."

"Under whose genial influence, the order of the peasantry, 'a country's pride,' has vanished from the face of the land," said Henry Sydney, "and is succeeded by a race of serfs, who are called labourers, and who burn ricks."

"Under which," continued Coningsby, "the Crown has become a cipher, the church a sect, the nobility drones; and the people drudges."

"It is the great constitutional cause," said Lord Vere, "that refuses everything to opposition; yields everything to agitation; conservative in Parliament, destructive out of doors; that has no objection to any change, provided only it be effected by unauthorized means."

"The first public association of men," said Coningsby, "who have worked for and avowed, without enunciating a single principle."

"And who have established political infidelity throughout the land," said Lord Henry.

"By Jove!" said Buckhurst, "what infernal fools we have made ourselves this last week!"

But there are better things than these. It is known that Mr. D'Israeli is of Jewish extraction. Although no longer of the Jewish creed, he labours hard to shew that from the Jews we derive all that is good in statesmanship, in arts, in arms:—

INFLUENCE OF THE JEWISH RACE.

"The fact is you cannot destroy a pure race of the Caucasian organization. It is a physiological fact; a simple law of nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian Kings, Roman Emperors, and Christian Inquisitors. No penal laws, no physical tortures, can effect that a superior race should be absorbed in an inferior, or be destroyed by it. The mixed persecuting races disappear, the pure persecuted race remains. And, at this moment, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries, of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence on the affairs of Europe. I speak not of their laws, which you still obey: of their literature, with which your minds are saturated; but of the living Hebrew intellect."

"You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews: that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe, is organized and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be in fact a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing itself under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolize the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity, and who is regius professor of divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place; a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahomet. But for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten in Berlin alone."

And so with music:—

"Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the school-men, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides? and as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza."

"But the passionate and creative genius that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it—that should have stirred the heart of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence—has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy, teeming with combinations, the imaginations fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of Music, that science of harmonious sounds which the ancients recognized as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past, though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you will find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers—not an orchestra in a single capital—that are not

crowded with our children under the feigned name which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate—too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race: and little do your men of fashion, your 'muscadins' of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to the sweet singers of Israel!"

But enough. Here is certainly an original book, and as such we hail it with a pleasure which only reviewers can feel whose duty it is to inspect, day by day, the thousand times invented common-places which comprise the larger portion of the literature of this imitative era.

POETRY.

English Songs and other small Poems. By BARRY CORNWALL. A new Edition. London, 1844. E. Moxon.

A SONG is a sentiment expressed in metre to be uttered in music. The Ballad is a narrative composed in the like form for the like purpose.

The former is the language of emotion; the latter of memory coloured by imagination. They best perception of what a song should be, of the peculiarities that distinguish it from other poems, and the qualities essential to its completeness, will be obtained by a survey of the circumstances in which it is produced, or in which, by the dramatic license indispensable to the enjoyment of every branch of imaginative literature, it is supposed to be produced.

The notion of the origin of a genuine song is this. The singer feels a strong emotion of love, or grief, or hatred, or jealousy, or despair, or any other sentiment or passion. The natural language of passion is poetry: he breathes that poetry in music, and behold a Song! The Song writer is only a sort of dramatist, who, by the power of his art, places himself in fancy in the position of the Song-maker, and feigning the circumstances that excite the emotion, feels as he feels, then from his mind come

— "Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers,"

and there again we have a song composed as a work of art.

Such being the origin of a song, what are its characteristics? Unity of thought; simplicity of expression. The sentiment it embodies should be one, though it may be lawfully produced in a variety of shapes or expanded into a multitude of words. Dilution, so objectionable in every other kind of composition, is always permissible, often profitable, in this. "I love, I hate, I am sad, glad, or despairing," which he would be the best writer who should tell in so many words in narrative, may be told in song by whatever roundabout process the fertile fancy of the composer may suggest.

It would appear from this that song-writing must be the easiest of all poetical exercises; yet is it a fact, that good songs are the rarest productions of the muse of England. From the era of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, when the song was understood, and, in the hands of the dramatists, flourished luxuriantly, downward to our own day, there is scarcely to be found a score of genuine English songs. Multitudes of metrical compositions there are, bearing the name; but so wanting the spirit of song that they have never gone into the popular heart, and become a portion of national literature, as a true song will be sure to do.

TO BARRY CORNWALL, alias Mr. PROCTOR, are we indebted for a revival of the spirit of the English song, very nearly as it flourished in "the days of good Queen Bess." In his

pages the past seems to live again, and we can scarcely believe, as we read, that it is a contemporary who thus moves us by the stirring language and animated thought we had despaired again to hear. In the introduction to this elegant collected edition of his lyrics, he explains his theory of song-writing, of which his successful practice proves the accuracy. His commentary on the state of lyrical poetry among us is interesting and instructive.

"England is singularly barren of Song-writers. There is no English writer of any rank, in my recollection, whose songs form the distinguishing feature of his poetry. The little lyrics which are scattered, like stars, over the surface of our old dramas, are sometimes minute, trifling, and undefined in their object; but they are often eminently fine; in fact, the finest things of the kind which our language possesses. There is more inspiration, more air and lyrical quality about them, than in songs of ten times their pretensions. And this, perhaps, arises from the dramatic faculty of the writers, who, being accustomed, in other things, to shape their verse so as to suit the characters and different purposes of the drama, naturally extend this care to the fashion of the songs themselves. In cases where a writer speaks in his own person, he expends all his egotism upon his lyrics, and requires that a critic should be near to curtail his misdeeds. When he writes as a dramatist, he is, or ought to be, the critic himself. He is not, so to speak, at all implicated in what is going forward in the poem; but deals out the dialogue, like an indifferent bystander, seeking only to adjust it to the necessities of the actors. He is above the struggle and turmoil of the battle below, and

'Sees, as from a tower, the end of all.'

It is, in fact, this power of forgetting himself, and of imagining and fashioning characters different from his own, which constitutes the dramatic quality. A man who can set aside his own idiosyncrasy is half a dramatist.

"It may be thought paradoxical to assert that the songs which occur in dramas are more natural than those which proceed from the author in person; yet such is generally the case. If, indeed, a poet wrote purely and seasonably only—that is to say, if his poetry sprung always from the passion or humour of the moment—the fact might be otherwise. But it may easily be seen that many rhymes are produced out of season, and are often nothing more than the result of ingenuity taxed to the uttermost; or otherwise, are simply the indiscretions of 'gentlemen at ease,' who have nothing, or nothing better, to do. Now, poetry is not to be thus constrained, nor is it ever the offspring of ennui or languor. It demands not only the 'faculty divine' (so called), but also that it should be left to its own impulses. The intellectual faculties are, in no one, always in a state of tension, or capable of projecting those thoughts which, in happier moments, are cast forth with perfect ease; and which, when thrown out by the Imagination or the Fancy, constitute the charm, and, indeed, form the essence of poetry.

"Much of what I have said applies to verse in general; but it applies more especially to songs and small pieces of verse—those *nuga canore*—which, at the time that they plead their 'want of pretension,' take due care, but too often, to justify their professed defects. When a writer commences a poem of serious length, he throws all his strength into it; he selects the happiest hour; he condenses, and amends, and rejects; and, in short, does his best to produce something good. But in a song, or 'a trifle in verse,' he feels no responsibility. He professes nothing, and, unfortunately, does little more.

"It may be said that a song is necessarily a trifling matter; but, if good, it is a trifle of at least a different sort; and to make even a trifle perfect or agreeable should satisfy a moderate ambition. It demands some talent. Where poetry is concerned, it requires even more; for it requires that this talent should be of a peculiar order, and should be exerted at a happy time. I am by no means forward to imagine that these two requisites have at any time concurred in my case; but I hope that I have, in a few instances, so far succeeded as to allure other writers (having more leisure than I possess) to direct their powers to this species of verse. It has been too much disclaimed. Poets have in general preferred exhibiting their tediousness in long compositions, and have neglected the song. But the brevity, which is the 'soul' of song as well as of wit, is not necessarily allied to insignificance. The battle-songs of Mr. Campbell are a triumphant proof of the contrary. So also are many of the songs and ballads of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Moore, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Hogg, my friend Allan Cunningham, and, finally, the charming songs of Burns. To my thinking, the sentiment in some of Burns's songs is as fine and as true as anything in Shakespeare himself. I do not speak of his imagination, or of his general power (both which in the Scottish poet are immeasurably inferior, but of the mere sentiment or feeling—that fine natural eloquence which

a warm heart taught him, and which he poured out so profusely in song. There is an earnestness and directness of purpose in Burns, which, if attended to, would, I think, strengthen the poetry of the present day. As an instance of his going at once to the sentiment, without any parade of words or preliminary flourish, one may refer to the lines—

'Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
'Than aught in the world beside,—Jessie!'

in which the sentiment is exquisitely tender and beautiful. We do not, I think, deal thus fairly with our thoughts at present. We accumulate multitudes of words around them, as though the idea were unable to support itself. Our verbiage is the Corinthian capital, which has succeeded the finer Ionic. One might almost suspect that 'the Schoolmaster,' who is everywhere abroad, has generated rather a facility of spreading common thoughts, than a power of originating new ones. At all events, the verbiage which I have alluded to is a manifestation of weakness rather than of strength, and indicates (if one may judge from analogies) a declension, at least, as much as a refinement in taste. Feeling this—and feeling, also, that I myself am far from exempted from this defect—I have occasionally introduced some poems in this volume which are bald enough in expression, and which, in fact, have little beyond the mere sentiment to recommend them. But this ought to be sufficient. If it be not sufficient in my case (for it is so, frequently, in Mr. Wordsworth's poems), I can plead nothing beyond a good intention, and must throw myself on the charity of the reader."

Our readers will now be curious to see in what manner BARRY CORNWALL has embodied his own views; and as the first part of the present edition consists entirely of poems that did not appear in the first edition, we shall limit our present extracts exclusively to that portion of the volume. Hereafter we may return to the more familiar remainder of this delightful book.

The very first of the poems is a fine specimen of his vigorous manner:—

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"HARK!

The Old Year is gone!
And the young New Year is coming!
Through minutes, and days, and unknown skies,
My soul on her forward journey flies,
Over the regions of rain and snow,
And beyond where the wild March-trumpets blow;
And I see the meadows, all cowslip-atrew;
And I dream of the dove in the greenwood lone,
And the wild bee humming;
And all because the New Year is coming!

The Winter is cold, the Winter is gray,
But he hath not a sound on his tongue to-day:
The son of the stormy Autumn, he
Totters about on a palsied knee,
With a frozen heart and a feeble head:
Let us pierce a barrel and drink him dead!
The fresh New Year is almost here;
Let us warm him with mistletoe boughs, my dear!
Let us welcome him hither with songs and wine,
Who holdeth such joys in his arms divine!

What is the Past, to you or me,
But a thing that was, and was to be?
And now it is gone to a world unknown;
Its deeds are done; its flight is flown!

Hark to the Past! In a bitter tone,
It crieth, 'The good Old Year is flown;
'The sire of a thousand thoughtful hours,
Of a thousand songs, of a thousand flowers!
Ah! why, thou ungrateful child of rhyme,
Rail'st thou at the deeds of our father time?
Hath he not fed thee, day by day,
With fancies that soothe thy soul away?

Hath he not 'waken'd, with pleasant pain,
The Muse that slept in thy teeming brain?
Hath he not—ah! dost thou forget
All the amount of the mighty debt?

Hush, hush! The little I owe to Time
I'll pay him, some day, with a moody rhyme,—
Full of phantasmas, dark and drear,
As the shadows thrown down by the old Old Year;
Dim as the echoes that lately fell
From the deep Night's funeral bell,
Sounding hollow o'er hill and vale,
Like the close of a mournful tale!

.... In the meantime, speak, trump and drum!
The Year is gone! the Year is come!
'The fresh New Year, the bright New Year,
'That telleth of hope and joy, my dear!
Let us model our spirit to chance and change,
Let us lessen our spirit to hope, and range
Through pleasures to come—through years unknown;
But never forget the time that's flown!"

The soul that animated SCHILLER re-appears in the following:—

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

"The owl to her mate is calling;
The river his hoarse song sings;
But the Oak is marked for falling,
That has stood for a hundred springs.
Hark!—a blow, and a dull sound follows;
A second,—he bows his head;
A third,—and the wood's dark hollows
Now know that their king is dead.

His arms from their trunk are riven;
His body all barked and squared;
And he's now, like a felon, driven
In chains to the strong dock-yard.
He's sawn through the middle, and turned
For the ribs of a frigate free;
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned;
And now—he is fit for sea!

Oh! now, with his wings outspread
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),
He will triumph again, though dead,
And be dreaded in every sea.
The Lightning will blaze about,
And wrap him in flaming pride;
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,
In the fight, from his bold broadside.

And when he has fought, and won,
And been honoured from shore to shore;
And his journey on earth is done,—
Why, what can he ask for more?
There is naught that a king can claim,
Or a poet, or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme and a short-lived name,
And to mix with the common mould!"

An illustration of the foregoing definition of the singleness of sentiment necessary in a song will be found in

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

"Rains fall; suns shine; winds flee;
Brooks run; yet few know how.
Do not thou too deeply search
Why thou lov'st me now!
Perhaps, by some command
Sent earthward from above,
Thy heart was doomed to lean on mine;
Mine to enjoy thy love.
Why ask, when joy doth smile,
From what bright heaven it fell?
Men mar the beauty of their dreams
By tracing their source too well."

The next is rather a didactic poem than a song; but, nevertheless, it is very beautiful, and demands a place in these selections:—

A COMMON THOUGHT.

"All faces melt in smiles and tears,
Stirr'd up by many a passion strange
(Likings, loathings, wishes, fears),
Till death—then ends all change.
Then king and peasant, bride and nun,
Wear but one!
Spring, all beauty, aye, laughs loud;
Summers smile, and Autumns rave;
But Winter puts on his white shroud,
And lies down in his grave;
And when the next soft season nears,
He disappears:
Merry Spring for childish face;
Summer for young manhood bold;
Autumn for a graver race;
Winter for the old!
After that,—what seasons run?
Alas! not one!
Then all the changing passions fade;
Then all the seasons strange have pass'd;
And overspreads one boundless shade,
Which must for ever last:
Then Life's uncounted sands are run,
And—all is done!"

Of the same class are the warm-hearted, true-souled lines—

ON A LADY SLANDERED.

"Her doom is writ: her name is grown
Familiar in the common mouth;
And she who was, when all unknown,
Like a sunbeam bursting from the south,
Is overshadowed by her fate;
By others' envy, others' hate!
I loved her when her fame was clear,
I love her now her fame is dark;
Twice, thrice—a thousand times more dear
Is she, with Slander's serpent mark,
Than Beauty that did never know
Shadow,—neither shame nor woe.
Let who will admire—adore
Her whom vulgar crowds do praise
I will love my love the more
When she falls on evil days!
Truer, firmer will I be,
When the truth-like fall or flee.
Bird of mine! tho' rivers wide
And wild seas between us run,
Yet I'll some day come, with pride,
And serve thee, from sun to sun;
Meantime, all my wishes flee
To thy nest beyond the sea!"

Here is indeed poetry

FOR MUSIC.

"Now, whilst he dreams, O Muses, wind him round!
Send down thy silver words, O murmuring Rain!
Haunt him, sweet Music! Fall with gentlest sound,
Like dew, like night, upon his weary brain!
Come, odours of the rose and violet—bear
Into his charmed sleep all visions fair!
So may the lost be found,
So may his thoughts by tender Love be crowned,
And Hope come shining like a vernal morn,
And with its beams adorn
The Future, till he breathes diviner air
In some soft heaven of joy, beyond the range of Care!"

And this is a genuine

SONG.

"Let us sing and sigh!
Let us sigh and sing!
Sunny haunts have no such pleasures
As the shadows bring!
Who would seek the crowd?
Who would seek the noon?
That could woo the pale maid Silence
Underneath the moon?
Smiles are things for youth,
Things for a merry rhyme;
But the voice of Pity suiteth
Any mood or time."

Beautiful exceedingly is the thought condensed in the last lines of

THE STARS.

"Without haste and without rest,"
"They glide upon their endless way,
For ever calm, for ever bright;
No blind hurry, no delay,
Mark the daughters of the Night:
They follow in the track of Day,
In divine delight.
And, oh! how still beneath the stars
The once wild noisy Earth doth lie;
As though she now forsook her jars,
And caught the quiet of the sky.
Pride sleeps; and Love (with all his scars)
In smiling dreams doth lie.
Shine on, sweet orb'd souls, for aye,
For ever calm, for ever bright;
We ask not whither lies your way,
Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.
Be still—a dream throughout the day,
A blessing through the night!"

We conclude with a joyous chaunt on

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

"Winter cold is coming on;
No more calls the cuckoo;
No more doth the music gush
From the silver-throated thrush;
No more now at 'evening pale,'
Singeth sad the nightingale;
Nor the blackbird on the lawn,
Nor the lark at dewy dawn:
Time hath wove his songs anew.
No more young and dancing measures;
No more budding flowery pleasures:
All is over,—all forgot,
Save by me, who loved them not.
Winter white is coming on,
And I love his coming;
What, though winds the fields have shorn—
What, though earth is half forlorn—
Not a berry on the thorn—
Not an insect humming;
Pleasure never can be dead—
Beauty cannot hide her head!
Look! in what fantastic showers,
The snow flings down her feathered flowers,
Or whirls about, in drunken glee,
Kissing its love, the holly-tree.
Behold! the Sun himself comes forth,
And sends his beams from south to north;
To diamonds turns the winter rime,
And lends a glory to the time!
Such days, when old friends meet together,
Are worth a score of mere spring weather.
And hark!—the merry bells awake—
They clamour blithely for our sake!
The clock is sounding from the tower,
"Four"—"five"—'tis now—"dinner-hour!"
Come on, I see his table spread—
The sherry—the claret rosy red—
The champagne sparkling in the light:
By Bacchus! we'll be wise to-night!"

Enough has been said to attract the attention of the readers of THE CRITIC to this volume, which is published in so small and elegant a form, and at so trifling a price, as to permit all who love true poetry to make it a pocket-book, a companion in the country walk, or when occupation is wanted for a few idle minutes, as it can be opened at any page, and read at any time.

Naboth the Jezreelite, and other Poems. By ANNE FLINDERS. Bath, 1844. Burns and Co.

THIS little volume, emanating from the provincial press, is one of those productions upon which it is extremely difficult to pronounce a judgment. It has no striking merits, nor any serious defects: it is just the sort of correctly metred and smoothly versified composition which the writer is sure to mistake for poetry, and friends may be excused for calling by that lofty name. But the critic has a more severe duty to perform. He must ask if it be really poetry that is placed in his hands before he gives it his approval. Now, we cannot conscientiously assert of Miss FLINDERS's sacred drama *Naboth* that it is any thing more than prose put into metre; but neatly done, so that it almost rivals her prototype Hannah More.

In the minor poems, attached to the principal one, we mark a daring disregard of rhyme, which might be the courageous effort of genius to shake off the trammels of custom, but certainly looks very like the endeavour of a lazy writer to avoid the trouble it imposes. The sonnets are eminently prosaic in language, and common-place in sentiment. Mistress, or Miss, FLINDERS is just what Byron described as "the sublime of mediocrity." We shall doubtless be voted ungallant for the assertion, but in honesty, and in kindness to her, we must express our opinion that, from the evidence contained in this specimen of her powers, she never can be a poet in the proper meaning of that term: the utmost she will ever attain to will be the reputation of a respectable versifier. We cannot find a citable passage of poetry in the volume.

POLITICS.

An Inquiry into the Currency Principle; the connexion of the Currency with Prices, and the expediency of a separation of issue from Banking. By THOMAS TOOKE, Esq. F.R.S. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

THIS pamphlet appears opportunely to aid the discussions incident upon the pending renewal of the Bank charter. On the difficult and perplexing question of currency, Mr. TOOKE is an acknowledged authority; and he has here collected and set forth, in order due, the views which he has on divers occasions promulgated. He first succinctly describes the opinions of other writers upon the subject, and then he calmly asserts and supports his own.

It is not our purpose to criticise his propositions, but only to state them, that our readers may understand the purport of his publication; and we cannot better do so than in his own words. He thus draws an outline of the principles which the pamphlet professes to develop:—

"That if a purely metallic currency existed in a country situated as this is, transmissions of the precious metals might and would take place occasionally between this and other countries to a considerable amount (5,000,000l. or 6,000,000l. at least), without affecting the amount or value of the currency of the country from which or to which the transmissions were made; and without being a cause or a consequence of alteration in general prices.

"2. That, consequently, the doctrine by which it is maintained that every export or import of bullion in a metallic circulation must entail a corresponding diminution of, or addition to, the quantity of money in circulation, and thus cause a fall or rise of general prices, is essentially incorrect and unsound.

"3. That the distinctions set up by the currency theory between bank-notes and other forms of paper credit, is not founded in any essential difference, except in so far as relates to the lowest denomination of notes, which are required in the transactions between dealers and consumers—that is, in the retail trade, and in the payment of wages.

"4. That bills of exchange might, but for the obstacle of stamp duties, be extensively substituted in all transactions of purchase and sale between dealers and dealers for bank-notes of 10l. and upwards, and that, in point of fact, they were extensively so used until a disproportioned duty was laid upon the smaller bills.

"5. That checks perform the functions of money as conveniently, in most respects, as bank-notes, and more conveniently in many respects.

"6. That bank-notes of the higher denominations are used for peculiar purposes, chiefly in settlements, such as the clearing-house, and in sales of landed and fixed property, as regards Bank of England notes; and in the provision markets and cattle fairs, as regards the country circulation; purposes for which substitutes might easily be found if bank-notes were suppressed, by bills of exchange, and as regards the settlements among bankers, by Exchequer-bills, and by what have recently been termed economical expedients.

"7. That the amount of bank-notes in the hands of the public is determined by the purposes for which they are required, in circulating the capital, and in distributing the revenues of the different orders of the community, valued in gold.

"8. That it is not in the power of banks of issue, including the Bank of England, to make any direct addition to the amount of notes circulating in their respective districts, however disposed they may be to do so. In the competition of banks of issue to get

out their notes, there may be an extension of the circulation of some one or more of them in a large district, but it can only be by displacing the notes of rival banks.

"9. That neither is it in the power of banks of issue directly to diminish the total amount of the circulation; particular banks may withhold loans and discounts, and may refuse any longer to issue their own notes; but their notes so withdrawn will be replaced by the notes of other banks or by other expedients calculated to answer the purpose.

"10. That it is consequently an error to suppose that, however well informed the country bankers might be of the state of the foreign exchanges, and disposed to follow those indications, they would be able to regulate their circulation in conformity with such views; and that it is equally an error to suppose that the Bank of England can exercise a direct power over the exchanges, through the medium of its circulation.

"11. That neither the country banks nor the Bank of England have it in their power to make additional issues of their paper come in aid of their banking resources. All advances by way of loan or discount, when the circulation is already full, can only be made by banks of issue in the same way as by non-issuing banks, out of their own capital, or that of their depositors.

"12. That the prices of commodities do not depend upon the quantity of money indicated by the amount of bank-notes, nor upon the amount of the whole of the circulating medium; but that, on the contrary, the amount of the circulating medium is the consequence of prices.

"13. That it is the quantity of money, constituting the revenues of the different orders of the State, under the head of rents, profits, salaries, and wages, destined for current expenditure, that alone forms the limiting principle of the aggregate of money prices, the only prices that can properly come under the designation of general prices. As the cost of production is the limiting principle of supply, so the aggregate of money incomes devoted to expenditure for consumption is the determining and limiting principle of demand.

"14. That a reduced rate of interest has no necessary tendency to raise the price of commodities. On the contrary, it is a cause of diminished cost of production, and consequently of cheapness.

"15. That it is only through the rate of interest and the state of credit that the Bank of England can exercise a direct influence on the foreign exchanges.

"16. That the greater or less liability to variation in the rate of interest constitutes, in the next degree only to the preservation of the convertibility of the paper and the solvency of banks, the most important consideration in the regulation of our banking system.

"17. That a total separation of the business of issue from that of banking is calculated to produce greater and more abrupt transitions in the rate of interest, and in the state of credit, than the present system of union of the departments."

Those who seek further information will find it in the profound pages before us, which we recommend to the perusal of all professional and amateur currency doctors.

What is the Cause of the Distress amongst our Labouring Population?

THIS little pamphlet appears without a name of author or publisher; yet, as we are informed, it has attracted a great deal of notice in the political world. Its argument may be briefly stated thus:—

The vexata questio is, how we may secure "a just remuneration for labour and skill, without interfering with the rights of the employer or endangering the principles of mutual interchange."

The physical condition of the labouring class has declined since the close of the first American war; the period when the system of paper currency was first introduced. The effect of paper is to depreciate the value of the currency—that is, to raise prices unduly; but the remunerative value of labour never rises in proportion to the rise in commodities; because, unlike other things, the value of labour is not influenced by the state of the money-market.

Hence, the best means of improving the physical state of the poorer classes is to lower prices by means of an uniformity of value in the currency; which may be accomplished by reducing the large amount of paper circulation; thus the value of money will be raised, and more food and clothing will be obtained in exchange for labour.

Other evils of a depreciated currency are over-trading and over-production.

A paper currency, to be safe, must possess three qualities: 1st. Uniformity of amount with the coin and bullion in the country. 2nd. An entire and

unquestionable credit with the public. 3rd. Convertibility. These, the present system of issue by private banks does not secure; and, therefore, the issue of paper money should be conducted only under Government responsibility.

It will be seen that these are very nearly the views embodied by Sir Robert Peel in his great measure for regulating the Bank Charter and the currency; and it is highly creditable to the author of this pamphlet that he should thus have anticipated the designs of the Government.

EDUCATION.

French Language acquired in Four Months: on an entirely original system, &c. By W. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN. New Series. Lessons 1 and 2. London. Souter and Law.

THE author of this useful work has the good sense to see, and the courage to avow, that in learning a language, knowledge of words should precede that of rules; that a vocabulary is to be first learned, and then grammar. Upon this principle these lessons are framed. He first teaches a proper pronunciation of the passage in French, then the translation, then the literal meaning of each word, then to read the French from the English, then the English from the French.

Such a system can scarcely fail of fulfilling its promise to the diligent, that in four months they shall be enabled to talk and write French respectably.

Elementary Copy-Books: an improved Plan of teaching Penmanship. By B. F. FOSTER. Souter and Law.

Foster's Post Copy-Book. By the Same. MR. FOSTER has rendered good service to the cause of rational education by these useful copy-books, which are arranged in a series of lessons, from the rudiments to the accomplishment of the art of penmanship, conducting the pupil step by step, and never permitting him to advance to another book until he has mastered the first. The leading features of the plan are thus described by the author:—

"1. Copies are placed upon each page throughout; thus saving the drudgery of setting them, and the expense of copy-slips.

"2. The height, breadth, and slope of the letters, the relative distance between them, and the fulness of the down strokes, are clearly indicated.

"3. The exercises are arranged progressively, leading step by step from the simple elements of letters to a rapid current-hand."

The objects of the scheme are stated to be—

"First, to diminish the labour of teachers; secondly, to obviate the difficulties which impede the progress of learners; by furnishing a simple, rational, and effective SYSTEM, whereby the art of writing may be speedily and perfectly acquired."

The labour thus saved to teachers is too plain to need description. The advantage to the pupil is thus pointed out:—

"Writing is mainly a mechanical art, and consists in imitating a few simple forms through the instrumentality of the hand and eye:—in order to write well, the eye must obtain an accurate knowledge of what the hand is to perform, and the hand must be so disciplined as to fulfil with exactness the commands of the eye. The education of the eye is the more perfectly accomplished the more frequently and attentively it is brought to fix itself on the form to be imitated."

This education of eye and hand, MR. FOSTER effects by means of pencilled exercises, over which the pupil's hand passes. Experience has shewn the benefits of the plan, and we cordially recommend these copy-books to schools and families.

PERIODICALS.

Dublin University Magazine for May. Curry and Co.

THIS number contains the usual variety of light and serious literature, seasoned by a spice of politics. The article on *The Census of Ireland* is ponderous, but valuable. There is a copious and interesting review of Barrow's *Life of Sir Francis Drake*. The moot question of *Fixity of Tenure* is treated both historically and economically. A new series of papers, entitled *Rambling Records of People and*

Places, describes with great spirit a sunrise on the Righi. There are many other papers which we have noticed before in parts, and some less noteworthy.

The Christian's Monthly Magazine and Universal Review for May.

THE character of this periodical is indicated by the title. It appears as an opponent of Puseyism. It has some good writing and some bad. A series of articles on the *Secret History of Tractarianism*, form the most striking feature of the numbers hitherto published; but it deals in philosophy, art, and antiquity, and miscellaneous literature, as well as in polemics.

The London Polytechnic Magazine and Journal of Science. Edited by T. STONE, M.D. No. V. for May.

THIS is a periodical devoted to science, though sometimes trespassing a little too much into literature. Its articles are composed for popular reading, meaning by this term, for the perusal of non-professional persons. The subjects appear to be selected with good taste, and many excellent names are among the contributors. In the present number we have an article, abounding in practical information, on the "Railway Communications through France;" another on the "Arts and Manufactures of the Esquimaux," by Dr. King; a third, by Arago, on "Artesian Wells;" a fourth, on the "Various Theories of Glacial Motion," and so forth, with a mass of scientific intelligence. Such a periodical has long been wanting, and it can scarcely fail of success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Scenes and Tales of Country Life, with Recollections of Natural History. By EDWARD JESSE, Esq. Wood-cuts. London, 1844. Murray.

How pleasant is it to escape from the din and bustle of a dusty city into green lanes and shady woods—to listen to the warblings of birds innumerable, and the hum of the merry insect tribe, instead of the rattling carriages and rumbling waggon—exchange that sad feeling of loneliness which the thoughtful and warm-hearted man experiences amid a throng of selfish, care-worn faces, for the cheerful companionship which, imbued with a love of nature, he can find alike on the sea-shore or the hill-tops, in the wooded glen or on the open common!

But even in this age of railroads, when space has ceased to exist save in the brain of the metaphysician, and distances are measured by hours, not miles, many must forego these pleasures, or enjoy them only by the aid of memory and imagination. To them, such books as the *Country Life* of Mr. Jesse, whose *Gleanings in Natural History* were the delight of our younger day, are especially welcome. They are like the murmurings heard in the recesses of the twisted shell, which seem to echo the sounds of its far distant native ocean; or like posies of wild flowers, gathered from old and favourite haunts, to the imprisoned invalid. With him we ramble again through the fields and woods, up hill and down dale, hearing the notes and watching the motions of the birds, welcoming our spring visitants, and seeking out their nests; or we lay ourselves on the mossy banks of the gurgling stream overhung with trees, or the green pastures by the side of the slowly flowing river, and opening our hearts to the "soft eye music of slow waving boughs," or the witchery of the deep-blue sky, enjoy the idleness of half-busy meditation. We are wafted back to the hours and days thus spent, little thinking of the struggles of our after life, nor yet of the pleasant associations we were then treasuring up, to be recalled with grateful joy in moments of care and sadness. For it is one of the distinctive advantages of a love of nature, and an early pursuit of natural history, that no length of time, no absence from the country, will deaden the perception of its beauties, or wipe out the memory of past enjoyment amid its scenes.

It has always been a subject of equal wonder and regret to us, that so little attention is paid to this subject in the education of youth. We do not, indeed, suppose that tastes of this kind can be taught like a page of Latin grammar; but so fitted are they to the desires and capacities of children, so akin to their fresh and innocent minds, that a

common degree of judgment and good sense in those who direct and guide their opening faculties, would almost inevitably lead to their adoption. And the difference between those who possess them, and those of whom it may be said—

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to them,
And it is nothing more."

is almost as great as between those who have eyes and those who have none.

But we must now turn to the agreeable gossiping book of Mr. Jesse, and draw from it some illustrations of another characteristic of natural history—the never-ceasing variety of the subjects presented to the observation of its votaries. He has given some striking examples of the instinct, or rather the something more than instinct, possessed by birds and animals. The following is a strong instance of the power of adapting means to an end, under circumstances which can hardly be said to be conformable to their nature:—

"On the ledge of one of the narrow apertures for the admission of light a pair of jackdaws had built their nest. The ledge, however, was so narrow, that the nest had evidently an inclination inwards, and would, probably, without some support, have fallen down upon the steps below. In order to obviate this difficulty, they contrived the following ingenious method of supporting the nest: as the staircase was a spiral one, the birds began to make a pillar of sticks on that identical step which alone would give them the best foundation for their intended work. Had they gone to the one above or to the one below that which they had so sagaciously fixed upon, it was very evident that they would not have acquired that precise slope or angle for their pillar which was necessary for the effectual support of the nest. It was the eighth step below the opening, and from it the pillar was raised to a height of exactly ten feet, and was composed of a strong stack-like work of sticks. The nest then rested upon the top of it, and was perfectly secure. The labour which these ingenious and industrious birds had bestowed in the collection of so large a mass of sticks must have been enormous. One circumstance struck me as very curious. The entrance of the aperture in the wall was very narrow; the difficulty of conveying some of the larger sticks through it must have been consequently great. On examining the sticks I found that each of them had been broken, or, rather, cracked exactly in the centre, so that they could be doubled up. They were thus also the better adapted for the construction of the stack in a compact form."

This last fact is very curious; for, generally speaking, the jackdaw shows himself ignorant of this method of getting a long stick through an aperture, and may often be seen in vain attempting it; till, at last, he drops the stick, and seeks for another, which, by better luck, he carries in such a position that there is no difficulty in conveying it to his nest.

The following anecdotes of dogs drawing inferences from the occurrence of unexpected and unusual circumstances, are equally interesting:—

"A grocer in Worcester had a powerful Newfoundland dog, which was reposing on the step of his door, when a sort of brewer's sledge was going rapidly down the hill leading to the bridge. Just as the sledge was passing the house, a little boy, in crossing the street, fell down in the way of the sledge, and would have been killed, had not the dog seen the danger, and, rushing forward, seized the boy in his mouth just in time to save his life, and deposited him on the footway uninjured."

"A schoolmaster had a small dog which became much attached to a kitten; they were in the habit of associating together before the kitchen fire, sometimes sleeping and sometimes playing. One day they were enjoying a comfortable nap when the kettle boiled over and scalded the dog, who ran away howling piteously. He had not gone very far, however, before he recollected his companion, he returned immediately, took up the kitten in his mouth, and carried it to a place of safety."

Mr. JESSE elsewhere remarks on the subject of instinct what few habitual observers of nature will deny:—

"The more I consider the subject, the more difficult it appears to fix any limit to the faculties of the animal creation. Under peculiar circumstances, animals will frequently evince a degree of sense truly surprising, and also extricate themselves from difficulties and dangers which man, with all his reasoning powers, would never have accomplished."

The account he gives of some pet swallows whom he had undertaken to rear, suggests some pleasing reflections upon their power and willingness to shew gratitude:—

"All the swallow tribe continue in their nests a very long time before they take their first flight, but I

was anxious that my proteges should exercise their wings as soon as possible, and thus prepare themselves for emigration. I therefore threw them into the air as soon as I could do so prudently. At first they appeared much alarmed, and clung to the nearest object they could fasten upon; but in a few days they not only flew about, but caught their food expertly. Some time, however, elapsed before they could satisfy the cravings of appetite through their own exertions. This occasioned them frequently to appeal to me for assistance, in a manner too intelligible to be mistaken. They would utter a plaintive cry in flying around me, and sometimes settle upon me. On these occasions I usually led them to those places where the *inula dysenterica* (asters) abounded, from the flowers of which I easily captured various species of *symphe* in the hollow of my hand. It was truly amusing to observe the eagerness with which the movement of my hand was watched, and with what voracity the produce of my efforts were devoured. As soon as my birds could fly, an open basket, having a perch across it, was set apart for their use; here they rested by day and roosted by night. It was placed in the open air in the morning and removed at night into the house. It often happened that my little charge had enjoyed two or three hours' disporting before I was prepared to walk. I was, however, recognized and greeted as soon as I appeared; and, whether I pursued the course of the roads or rambled into the fields, they generally encircled me in their flight, sometimes resting upon me, or accepting a fly from my fingers. These amusive proceedings continued four or five weeks, but after that period, according to my wish, our intercourse diminished daily. They associated more and more with their congeners, who were collecting together, as is usual at this period of the year, and were absent more frequently and for longer intervals; but whenever or wherever they again appeared, they seldom failed to come to me when I summoned them by my call. Having disappeared for two or three days, I considered that our connection was altogether dissolved, but as I was walking to an adjoining village, one of the birds gave me his wonted salutation in passing, and on my invitation perched on one of my fingers. In this position I conveyed it to the village green, and there, in the presence of several persons, cast it into the air, with some exclamation, expressive of my wish for its welfare."

There are several new facts scattered through this volume, shewing how much there is yet to be learned respecting even the most common of our birds and animals. The author has satisfied himself that there are two species of magpies, the smaller one choosing low bushes and hedgerows for its building-place, and the larger, always adopting high trees. He gives also several instances of the strange effect produced upon birds by being outwitted in song, which suggest the idea that the spirit of competition and the pride of victory have much influence in producing the music of the grove. A blackbird having been outwitted by a mocking-bird became mute, pined away, and died; and a lark after a similar defeat was never heard to attempt his joyful strains again.

We are glad to see that Mr. Jesse adds his authority to that of Waterton, and other most observant naturalists, in favour of the much-slandered tribe of vermin, under which name the gamekeepers class a strange variety of useful and innocent birds, as may be seen by the trophies of these undisciplined butchers upon the doors and gables of the squire's barn. Anxious to preserve some of our harmless friends from complete extermination, we quote the following:—

"A friend of mine preserved his game with more than usual strictness. His keepers had orders to destroy every stoat, weasel, hawk, owl, magpie, or jay on his estate, and this was done to such a degree, that not one of these supposed marauders was to be met with in his preserves. The consequence was, that rats and mice infested his property to an enormous extent. The former burrowed in his fields and hedgerows like rabbits, destroying the corn of his tenants, and feasting not only on the eggs of his partridges and pheasants, but also on the young birds when they were hatched. During the winter they committed serious depredations in the barns and stackyards; and although every means has been resorted to in order to destroy them, they still continue to be a great annoyance. A similar circumstance took place in the preserves at Kew, where the vermin have been destroyed. The rats have become so numerous in the grounds of that place that I have seen regular warrens of them. It is, I think, evident that, had not the assigned enemies of these vermin been destroyed, they would not have increased to the extent they have done."

Buffon relates that when the purple grackles were persecuted to the death in the Mauritius, the grasshoppers increased to such an extent that the government made it a state question, introduced the useful bird

again, and passed laws for their protection in future. In England an indiscriminate warfare is often carried on with similar results. Men have yet to learn that though lords of the creation, they must not be tyrants; that the undue exercise of their power will bring its own punishment. We again quote authority on this subject:—

"The destruction of sparrows and small birds generally is very injurious to those who have gardens and orchards. A proof of this has been sent to me by a correspondent, to whom I am indebted for much interesting information. He informs me that, attached to his garden, is a fruit plantation of three acres, containing gooseberries, currants, raspberries, cherries, apples, pears, plums, &c., and that he never allows birds to be destroyed or their nests taken. The consequence is, that he is never annoyed with caterpillars. He adds, that about two miles distance from his residence there is a 'small-bird club,' the members of which are bound to produce a certain number of small birds every week. Each year the caterpillars devastate the plantations, and last year an apple-orchard of more than ten acres was so infested, that the owner employed women to pick off every blossom in order to save the trees. It is hoped," concludes Mr. Jesse, and we commend his conclusion to all garden cultivators, "that a knowledge of this fact will induce persons to discontinue the wanton destruction of small birds, intended as they have been for the benefit of man."

The birds of prey are killed, and then the small birds increase; they are slaughtered, and the insects spring up in countless numbers. Let not our owls and hawks be so much tormented, and the equilibrium will be kept up beneficially to all parties. Even game-loving squires should try to calculate the amount of injury done to their preserves by traps which may and do kill carrion crows and pheasants and hares alike, and the evils arising from the constant inroads upon their retreats which gamekeepers commit in search after "varmint." Let them recollect that nothing was created in vain.

"Even the loathsome toad, as it is too generally considered, has its use. A friend of mine took seventeen earwigs from the maw of one of these reptiles; and there can be no doubt but that they destroy a great number of injurious insects."

The insect world presents a boundless sphere for observation and discovery; and one of the most curious novelties in our own country we owe to our author:—

"I now refer to a spider I recently discovered, and whose proceedings have not, as far as I am aware, been noticed by naturalists. At night I have observed this insect crawling over the ceiling of a room in search of flies, which it eats as it catches them; and appears, unlike most spiders, to have no place of retreat. In the day-time this spider appears motionless at some spot on the ceiling, but it remains in the centre of three fine threads which it has thrown out, one end of each of which has its termination at the place where the spider is resting. On touching one of these threads ever so slightly the spider instantly disappears. I at first thought that it had suddenly let itself fall to the ground, but after a short time I saw it in its original position. On disturbing it a second time, I was enabled to ascertain that, by means of its two fore-feet, which alone suspended it from one of the threads, the insect spun itself round with so much rapidity as to become perfectly invisible. This lasted for about half a minute, when I again saw the spider hanging on the thread by its two feet. I could not but wonder how this rotatory motion was produced and continued so rapidly each time I touched one of the threads. After doing this several times, the spider appeared to get weary, and retreated across the ceiling to some distance."

The lovers of trees and their associations will be pleased to hear that Mr. JESSE is a sturdy champion for the existence of the veritable Herne's oak, and that he supports his opinion with very strong and almost unanswerable arguments. They not only point out the real claimant to the title, but account satisfactorily for the opinions that have been given against its existence, by shewing that an old oak was cut down by order of George the Third because it was groundlessly believed to be Herne's oak. It is easy to see how this fact would, by a little carelessness and misstatement, be considered as proving that the real one had been ruthlessly destroyed.

Our author finds, as all other lovers of nature have found, that the pursuit has contributed to the health of his body, and cheerfulness and peace of mind; and his book everywhere shews traces of the moral effect of an acquaintance with the works of nature. There is nothing particularly striking or new in the reflections or images which he has made use of, but the evidence of experience is always weighty, and

we must consider this work, on this account, as well as for the facts contained in it, as worthy of being placed on the same shelf as Walton's *Angler*, White's *Selborne*, *The Journal of a Naturalist*, and our author's own *Gleanings from Natural History*, and a more useful and delightful group could hardly be brought together.

The most interesting story he has introduced is the sketch of *Dick Rook*, a true child of nature, a wanderer following the vocation of earth-stopper, game-keeper, or any thing else that enabled him to live out of doors, and, withal, an honest and noble character. *Dick Rook* shews that Wordsworth's description of the effect of nature upon untutored minds is, at least, sometimes borne out by facts. Let him speak for himself:—

"Amongst the many questions I put to him, one was, 'whether he ever went to church?' 'No,' said Dick, 'I never go to those places; I have no right there.' 'No right! why, what do you mean?' 'You see,' replied Dick, 'I never pays those rates to the parson that other folks do, and so I have no business there. But (continued he) I have often laid myself down under that oak-tree there, and seen the moon and the stars through the boughs, and then (said he) I pray. Don't you think, Master, that God Almighty can hear me there as well as in one of them churches? and then how fine it is to watch the stars, and to think that he made them all as well as a poor man like me.'"

The whole story is one of the most affecting, for its force and simplicity, we ever read; nor do we recollect any character in fiction like *Dick Rook*.

We had purposed to have made some remarks upon the moral effects of a love of nature, as shewn by the fitness of natural objects to be employed as illustrations of the highest moral truths, but our allotted space is already filled, and we can only quote two instances from two poets of a widely different character. Burns says,—

"But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow—falls in the river—
A moment white, then melts for ever."

And the graver Wordsworth, after describing most truly the skylark's glad song, and its method of dropping into its nest, concludes the sonnet with this beautiful line—

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

Commending this work most heartily to all our readers, and more especially to those whose tastes are yet to form, we take our leave of Mr. JESSE as we would of a friend at the end of a country walk, grateful for the pleasure we have enjoyed in his company, and the "Recollections" we have added to our store, yet sad that the holiday is over, and the stern realities of business call again for our attention; which, however, we are better fitted to grapple with, from the cheerful spirit which we have imbibed from his society, and the "Scenes" to which he has introduced us.

The Guide to Trade: the Farmer. Compiled by GEORGE NICHOLLS, Esq. London, 1844. C. Knight and Co.

MR. KNIGHT'S *Guides to Service* obtained deserved popularity, and their success has led to the publication of a similar series of *Guides to Trade*. The latest of these is now before us, and is devoted to the subject of agriculture, the object of this cheap little volume being to instruct the farmer in the practical business of his employment.

The grand defect of all previous books, written professedly for farmers, has been the unfitness of the language for bucolic comprehensions. They were composed by learned men for men as learned as themselves; for the most part they were an unknown tongue to those to whom they were professedly addressed. *This Guide* is really a guide; for it gives, in a simple and condensed form, the results of extensive reading and wide practical experience, and enters into minute details which can be found nowhere else in a collected form; and with this in his hand, the young farmer will enter upon his labours with confidence that in his difficulties he will here find a friend and adviser on whom he may rely for aid. An Appendix contains some useful observations on the domestic arrangements of the farm-house, and the habits and condition of the agricultural labourer. This is one of those works which only needs to be known by those to whom it is addressed to be placed in every homestead. The difficulty is, how to inform them of its value: that must be done by individual recommendations from the influential, who

should omit no opportunity of introducing it to their tenants.

A Gazetteer of the Countries adjacent to India on the North-west; including Sindh, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, the Punjab, and the neighbouring States. Compiled by the authority of the Honourable Court of Directors of the East-India Company, and chiefly from documents in their possession. By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq. Author of the "History of the British Empire in India." In 2 vols. 1844. W. H. Allen and Co.

MR. THORNTON has bestowed upon these volumes an incredible amount of labour. He has here collected facts relating, not only to our old possessions, but to our recent conquests in the East, which could only have been found scattered in a multitude of authorities, and many of these documents to which public access cannot be had.

That such a work, well done, will be an acquisition to the library and to the merchant's office there cannot be a doubt. Of course, we cannot test the correctness of the mighty mass of facts and figures here congregated; but, presuming them to be correct, MR. THORNTON has produced a work worthy of the author of the *History of the British Empire in India*, to which excellent publication it is almost a necessary addendum. One striking feature, and a most valuable one, of this *Gazetteer* is the constant reference to the authorities, so that error, if it exist, may readily be corrected. A map adds to its utility, and there is, moreover, a copious Index to each volume. Of course it is not a publication which affords material for extract; we can only describe its arrangements, and state our impression of its utility, and the sound judgment displayed in its compilation. To the library it will be an indispensable addition. Eastern history can scarcely be studied without MR. THORNTON'S *Gazetteer* in the hand.

REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

Memoranda of a Continental Tour; Pictorial, Personal, and Political.

THE season for tour-making being about to begin, we shall draw largely from this manuscript, which the author has placed at our disposal, hoping that its contents may be serviceable to those of our readers who, desiring to see as much as possible in a limited time and at the least cost, will doubtless be pleased to learn the route of one who contrived in five weeks to visit Mont Blanc, calling by the way on all the most interesting scenes on either side; and this at a cost of less than forty pounds. We shall endeavour in our notice, which will be continued from time to time, to permit the author to speak for himself as much as possible. He thus states his design; and it is with such an understanding that he must be read:—

"Pursuant to my promise, I send you the notes taken during a summer tour in some of the continental states. But let it be understood that they contain no very elaborate descriptions of works of art or of natural scenery, for such will be found in every guide-book. These memoranda pretend to be nothing more than a narrative of the impressions produced upon the mind of an English observer by the aspect of foreign sights and the novelties of foreign manners. Of course it would require a much more extensive and intimate acquaintance with persons and things, than any mere tourist can obtain, to ascertain if his impressions be facts; but the objects I have noted are such as strike a stranger who has his eyes about him and his ears open, because most differing from the objects and the things he hears and sees at home; and that is precisely the purpose for which travelling is undertaken. Nor can a reflective mind behold foreign scenery, men, and manners, without occasionally drawing from them a moral, social or political, and with such I have sometimes ventured to adorn the tale."

Our tourist, desirous of seeing something, however slight, of France, went by way of Calais, thence to Ostend, by diligence, and thence, by railway, to Bruges. He advises his readers to prefer the direct route to Antwerp, as a saving both of time and of expense. Over this well-worn track we need not follow him; but his description of railway travelling in Bel-

gium conveys some hints that might be advantageously adopted at home:—

BELGIAN RAILWAYS.

"We were conveyed by railway from Ostend to Bruges, and thus we had an early opportunity of comparing the accommodations of this form of travelling with those of our English railroads. In the construction of the railway itself, the English are vastly superior; but the arrangements of the Belgian railways are more complete than ours, and the comfort and safety of travellers are far more carefully consulted. In the first place, the charges are much lower, the fare being somewhat less than one penny per mile in the second-class carriages, whereas in England it averages threepence. With us the efforts of the directors are addressed obviously to the purpose of making all but the first-class carriages as uncomfortable as possible, with the sordid object of driving the public out of the one into the other. But in Belgium, and everywhere throughout the Continent, the second-class carriages are inclosed, with windows, and have padded seats, and even the third-class are as good as our second, with the additional comfort of padded seats. Again, the luggage is there duly looked to, and not subjected to the dangers of a scramble, as on our railways. It is true that a charge is made for the conveyance of luggage, but it is very trifling indeed, and it is manifestly just that persons should pay according to the load they desire to have conveyed, instead of making, as we do, the man who carries an umbrella pay as much for his fare as a lady who carries a huge wardrobe. The luggage is taken to a separate office, weighed, and a ticket with its number given to the passenger. On his arrival at the station, he presents his ticket, and the luggage is then safely delivered to him, and loss is never known. The passengers as they come are shewn into a waiting-room, comfortably supplied with seats, newspapers, and water and glasses for those who need refreshment: here they wait till the bell announces that the train is ready. The doors on the other side are opened, and in two minutes all take their places and the train starts. While it is on its way, the conductor, by means of a ledge placed round the carriages for that purpose, enters each carriage and collects the tickets, so that there is no delay or confusion on the arrival of the train. At all the intermediate stations the same regulations are observed, and in Belgium they have adopted a plan which all will agree to be a great improvement on the harsh ear-splitting screams of our engine-whistle: the signals are given by key-bugles. When the train is about to start, the conductor in front sounds his bugle, and, if all be ready behind, is answered by the conductor there, and the train moves on. Should not every thing be prepared for proceeding, a different note returns an answer to the musical inquiry from the front. In like manner, if any thing is perceived by the man in the rear that needs attention, he winds his bugle to the guard in the van to stop the train. The security resulting from this double vigilance must be obvious, and might be worthily adopted in England. But with us, unfortunately, human life is considered as of little value compared with profit. Another admirable arrangement, by which accidents are rendered almost impossible, is that which provides only one engine to each division of the line, so arranging the time of the trains that the down-train and up-train shall meet at an appointed place, where the engine that brought the one quits it and takes the other back, and as neither train can proceed till the other comes up, a collision is rendered impossible, and danger, 'by one entrance quite shut out.'"

"In construction, as I have said, the continental railways are inferior to ours. Their speed is less, not exceeding on the average from 12 to 15 miles an hour, stoppages included. They are for the most part exceedingly rough, and the carriages wriggle so fearfully that it is wonderful how they are kept upon the rail. The attendance is excellent, and the utmost civility is shewn by all the servants. The stations are by no means such showy and costly structures as ours; they have been erected with a view to economy, and in many parts of the line I observed that tanks were raised on logs of wood piled crosswise, a cheap but efficient substitute for our expensive works of brick and mortar. But if there be no ornament to please the eye, the traveller has the satisfaction of feeling that his purse reaps the benefit. In England the passengers pay extravagant fares for the vanity of engineers and directors, who lavish tens of thousands on show that adds nothing to convenience. On the Continent, while all has been done that can contribute to comfort and safety, nothing is wasted upon mere ornament, and the saving thus effected has been applied to the reduction of the fares. Consequently, the numbers of those who travel by the continental railways far exceed those who journey by ours, and of which such eloquent descriptions occasionally appear in the newspapers. In consequence of the high fares in England, none travel whom necessity does not compel to do so; on the Continent, the low fares tempt crowds to travel as a cheap and instructive amusement."

The third chapter is devoted to BRUGES, which appears to have excited a deep interest on our traveller.

BRUGES AS SHE WAS AND IS.

"There is not a more interesting city in Europe than Bruges. Merchant princes once inhabited her palaces; the commerce of the whole world contributed to her greatness. Liberty planted her banner upon her walls; her citizens were the proudest, the richest, the freest upon the face of the earth. The middle ages beheld her flourishing; we see her now in her fall. In the fourteenth century no less than seventeen states had their representative companies of merchants established within her walls; twenty ministers from as many foreign powers paid her the honour of their constant residence; and from all quarters of the then discovered portion of the globe, men came yearly to traffic for her merchandise and to admire her splendours. Her harbour was filled with argosies from Constantinople, Venice, and Genoa; in her warehouses were stored the cloths of England, the linens of Belgium, the silks of Persia, and the shawls of Cashmere. The Lombard traders carried to her mart the spices of India and the wealth of Italy, and bartered them for the coarse but comfortable manufactures of the shores of the Baltic. All tongues were spoken in her streets; the costumes of every clime gave animation to her public places. She was, by common consent, the staple and the head of the powerful Hanseatic league. The counts of Flanders made her their residence, and, in later times, she entertained the splendid courts of the dukes of Burgundy.

"Such Bruges was. She is but the ghost, or rather say the mummy, of her former self. Her streets, once so thronged, are deserted now; her squares and market-places, formerly filled with the busy hum of barter, are silent as the grave. The footsteps of the traveller, as he views, with saddened eye, the relics of departed greatness, are echoed by the empty houses, whose splendour has survived even the posterity of the proud and luxurious merchants by whom they were erected. The very waters in the canal look sluggish and dead, the passing glance of the mid-day sun scarcely wakening them to life, and the breeze sweeping without ruffling their gloomy faces; a few boys hang over them with rods, but they watch their floats in silence, and seem to be changed into statues by the genius of the place.

"It is this desolation without decay, this aspect of a body from which the life has fled, that gives to Bruges so powerful an interest, and enshrines it among the most cherished of the traveller's recollections. There it stands, in outward form still unchanged; the same large, lofty, richly-decorated habitations, the same spacious squares, the same Hall of Justice, with its magnificent carvings, the same cathedral, the same massive tower of Notre Dame, the same halls where merchants most did congregate, the very same chimneys that charmed the ears of the citizens so many centuries ago, still four times in every hour remind the inhabitants of time's flight and changes. The form is there, but the spirit is gone. Bruges is a corpse, indeed, but it is the corpse of a demi-god."

Here the author introduces us to a personage with whom the traveller on the Continent must be prepared to make early acquaintance, and of whom he will be sure to say, "there is no living with thee or without thee!"—

A COMMISSIONAIRE.

"The streets of Bruges, like those of other continental towns lying in the route of travellers, are infested with a set of vagabonds in blue blouses, with cunning eyes, and sneaking, lurcher-like gait, who prowl about and pounce on any man they chance to see staring about him with a stranger's gaze, tendering their services as guides with a pertinacity the most provoking, for they will dodge your steps for hours if they see you unattended. One of these rascals early fastened upon us. Having been forewarned of their harpy nature, we gave him a peremptory denial, for he demanded five francs for the day. He persisted in following us, continually abating his demand, while we continued resolutely deaf, until he made a formal tender of his services for six or seven hours for a single franc. As a guide in a strange place is sometimes useful, though frequently a nuisance, we consented to take him, conditionally that if he gave us satisfaction we would double his fee on dismissal. And, truth to say, the fellow was very civil, very communicative, and very well versed in the localities. Like the rest of his tribe he could do anything, knew everybody, fawned spaniel-like on his employers, helped his townsman to pick the pocket of a 'milord Anglais,' had no scruples of any kind, knelt at every shrine, and was anxious to play the pimp at the corner of every street; was intimate with the holiest places in the churches, and knew every haunt of vice and profligacy in the town. He wanted only one vice to be an accomplished blackguard; he could not drink.

"Such is the class of persons from whom is selected a functionary attached to all the continental

hotels, but unknown in England,—Monsieur le Commissionnaire. The business of this gentleman is to become, during the period of their stay, the servant of such of the guests as need personal attendance: he is to see that you are properly provided with all things for your comfort in the house; to furnish you with all needful information about the place, its sights, or shops; to protect you against imposition, that is to say, to permit nobody else to impose upon you without paying him a handsome commission for the privilege; to act as your interpreter if you are not familiar with the language; to see your luggage passed through the custom-house; and your passport duly *rise'd*; to accompany you if you need a conductor, and to be at your beck and call at all times. Undoubtedly, he is a very convenient personage, and amply repays the trifling cost; and I am surprised that a functionary, so useful to travellers, has not been attached to our large English hotels. But in these, as in so many other particulars, we are still far in the rear of our continental neighbours."

From Bruges our travellers passed by railway to Brussels, of which city there is a lively description; but it has been already painted so often that we omit this picture entirely, and from the chapter will take but one passage. It is a sketch of

A TABLE D'HOTE AT BRUSSELS.

"The clock strikes four, and instantly a bell rings, with a vehemence that might rather have been expected from the hand of one waiting for dinner, than of one who was to wait at dinner. The *salle à manger* speedily fills with guests, whom the waiter allots to their proper places, the head of the table being given to the person who has been longest in the house, and the seats below according to the date of the arrival of each guest. What a menagerie! Specimens of the human animal from every quarter of the globe! What a Babel! All the languages of the civilized world assail the ear. At a glance you read the characters of your companions. That gentlemanly, unassuming man, with grey hair, black piercing eyes, and intelligent smile, seated at the head of the table, is the Earl of D—, who has been enjoying at Brussels a change from the hot air and party strifes of the House of Lords; at his side his countess, conforming to foreign habits, talking freely to those around her, and pleased to be permitted to be like other people. Next we have a Parisian banker, his wife, and daughter, himself a little withered, old man, all shrugs and bows, the *femme* extravagantly overdressed, but not aping the young, and miss very plain and very pale, with gooseberry eyes, sandy hair, a mole on her cheek, her fingers, on which she evidently prides herself, covered with rings, and massive gold bracelets encompassing her wrists. By her side another Englishman, who has cultivated mustachios expressly for his fortnight's visit to the Continent, a young gentleman who looks big and talks big, and of whom one is not able precisely to determine whether he is a draper's apprentice or a banker's clerk; but we should be inclined to think the former. Below him, a German lady—you can never mistake a German—with her little son, a well-mannered boy, with a quick eye and a merry laugh; then an old couple from England, one of those perfectly English pairs one meets at every step upon the Continent, who, having no families to tie them to home, set off to wander about the world, just when their age should rather have induced them to think about leaving it. They are evidently what are called *respectable* people; they know no language but their own, praise English fare while stuffing French dishes without stint, and begin every sentence with 'It's not like 'tis in England.' Further down is a Belgian merchant, with a pudding face, eyes askew, dump nose, earrings, immersed in calculations of profit and loss, and forgetting everybody but himself. Above, on the other side, a pleasant English family, father, mother, daughter, and two sons, who have come abroad for the instruction of the young people, and to shew them something of the world; mamma and her pretty daughter, as yet unaccustomed to dine in public, shrinking from the scrutinizing gaze of the company directed to them in succession, scarcely knowing what to do or how to eat, but readily gaining assurance, and freely entering into conversation when they find that such is the custom without the formality of an introduction. Next, your humble servant, his brother, and another Englishman whom they had met at Bruges, and to whose companionship they were indebted for many pleasant hours for some days. Lastly, a party of Russians, going to Spa, fine men and fine women, and, moreover, enormous feeders. No sooner seated, than all, except the English, address themselves to their neighbours; they maintain their proverbial reserve, until somebody breaks the ice and talks to them, and then no people can be more agreeable. I should state that a bottle of wine is placed at each plate, and included in the charge of three francs for the dinner. The business begins. Every dish is handed by the waiters to the guests in succession. Take a very small portion of that dish, Mr. John Bull, for fourteen more are coming, and of course you will taste of each! English strangers, ignorant of this, are apt

to eat too plentifully of the first two or three dishes, and, when more tempting ones offer, are compelled unwillingly to decline. Having cleared your plate, you lay your knife and fork upon it. Presto! they vanish! and a clean plate is set before you, but no knife and fork. You call for them a long time before they are brought, and then with a hint that you should have taken care of the others. You had been using it for fish. No matter: it is the custom here to use the same knife and fork throughout the meal, alike for meat, fish, and pastry. *N'importe*, habit's every thing. The ceremony lasts for nearly two hours; the Continentals have no notion of hurrying through a meal; it spoils digestion. Then a dessert appears, and as it is set upon the table for all to help themselves, it is commonly the subject of a sort of scramble, several hands being visible in the dish at once, and he who should politely wait till his neighbours had helped themselves would be sure to come short; so, complaisance avant! By this time the wine ebbs low in all the bottles, save those set before the English ladies; new to continental life, they, however thirsty, avoid the tempting draught. A lady drink a bottle of wine!—horrible thought! They forget that this wine is not so strong as our cider, and that it is, moreover, a very wholesome liquor, peculiarly adapted to the climate, and might be drunk not only with impunity but with advantage. However, they soon learn this lesson. At length the ladies retire, and most of the gentlemen. A few order another bottle, and sit half an hour longer; and so, with the reader's permission, will we, and rest awhile from the fatigues of the day."

Two days were enjoyed at Brussels, and thence they took railway to Liege, sleeping there, viewing the market, of which a curious pen-and-ink outline is given, and on the following day proceeded by diligence, over a hot and dusty road, to Aiz-la-Chapelle. This famous vehicle has been often described; but the manuscript on our table enters more minutely into the details of continental travelling than we remember to have seen elsewhere, and we take the entire passage on

CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING.

"A diligence is a lumbering machine, divided into three compartments. The *coupée* is the aristocratic seat, situate in front of the carriage, facing the horses, and affords the traveller a good view of the country. It commonly accommodates three, but sometimes four passengers. The interior is similar to our stage-coach, only that it has four seats instead of two, and receives sometimes eight, sometimes ten persons; hence it is in summer intolerably hot, but otherwise comfortable enough. The *banquette* is by far the most agreeable place for gentlemen, being situate at the top of the carriage, accommodating only two and the *conducateur*, having an apron and a moveable head to shelter from rain and cold. Here the traveller can stretch his legs at full length, loll at ease, breathe fresh air, and behold the country round him. The fares for all parts of the vehicle, except the *coupée*, are the same, that for this coveted seat being a trifle higher; they average three pence per mile, as in England. Sometimes a fee for the servants is fixed by the tariff, but more commonly none is expected. When loaded, this machine would equal in size and weight two of our English stage-coaches; but they have the advantage of being vastly more comfortable, in accordance with the rule, that seems to prevail everywhere upon the Continent of studying in all particulars the convenience and ease of travellers; whereas the one object of our English public vehicles, with the single exception of the first-class railway carriages, seems to be to make the traveller as uncomfortable as possible. In England they expose the outside passengers to the most changeable climate in the world, without a canopy of any kind; abroad, where there exists not half the necessity for protection, every passenger is sedulously sheltered from wet and cold: in England, we are crammed together so that a limb cannot be moved, seated upon a wet board, and indulged but with a three-inch rail to guard us from a fall; the continental coaches are not built upon the assumption that the human frame is elastic, insensible, and imponderable, but there is given to it ample space to move at will, a soft seat, and a barrier against the effects of a momentary change of the centre of gravity from sleep or a shake of the vehicle. There are none of the unseemly quarrels and struggles for a seat so frequently seen to disgrace an English coach-office. When the place is taken, a receipt is given, stating the hour of departure, the price of the fare, the number of the seat (a corresponding number being posted on the carriage), the places and times of stopping for meals, the times allowed for changing horses, and a request that the traveller would make known to the head office any irregularities in either. Six horses are the usual team, running three abreast; they are not fast, but very strong, and traverse very long stages, coming in as fresh as when they started. The harness is rude, but sufficient; it consists of nothing but a collar, reins, and traces; the absurdity and cruelty of the bearing-

rein is abolished; the traces are ropes—if they break they are repaired with ease, or new ones substituted; from the collar a multitude of musical bells are frequently suspended, and at night they have a very pleasing effect. Seven miles an hour is the average pace, but this varies with the nature of the country: the Paris diligences average nine, those of Switzerland only five, and that in which we now found ourselves occupied six hours in a journey of thirty-two miles. Each team of horses is driven by its owner, and the coachmen are a very different race of beings indeed from ours. A blue smock-frock and a glazed hat would metamorphose Sir Vincent Cotton himself; guess, then, what an air they must give to men whose gait and aspect would rank them among English ostlers. They cheer the horses by cracking their whips right and left in a peculiarly scientific manner, keeping up an incessant fire of smacks, with a precision and rapidity only to be acquired by years of practice; and, indeed, every urchin in an inn-yard is to be seen twirling his whip, and as proud of the accomplishment as are our stable-boys of their progress in the art of cursing and swearing. Occasionally we were supplied with a team of entire horses, fine, spirited fellows, who resisted the harness at first, but once secured, obeyed the whip and rein as well as their less fortunate brethren, and we found the same noble animal commonly used in carts, and in the plough, much to the credit of the equine race, and, as it seemed, to the satisfaction of their masters.

"If the diligence be slow, it is sure; accidents are never known, and it is as punctual to time as are our mails. Ample leisure is given for feeding upon the road, sometimes so much as an hour, never less than half an hour, according to the meal; nor are the travellers treated so scurvily at the hotels as are ours—there is abundance and excellence of fare, and the charges are invariably moderate. Six or eight courses are supplied at supper, with a bottle of wine, for two francs and a half, or two shillings and one penny of our money, and no fees to waiters!"

Some of this information will be useful to readers contemplating a tour. From Aix, a smooth railway carried our friends to Cologne. Night had fallen when they arrived at the hotel in that City of Smells. But the writer eagerly rushed up-stairs to catch a first view of

THE RHINE.

"Having hastily given orders to that effect, I hurried to my chamber, and rushed breathless to the casement. A river was rolling below me in its might and grandeur; the moon, almost at her full, was rising out of a cloud, and threw her slant beams along the entire face of the water, which seemed to dance in the golden light; the sky above was intensely blue, and the stars were mirrored in the majestic stream. And this was indeed the Rhine!—the beautiful Rhine!—of which I had so often dreamt; the Rhine, so celebrated in story, the theme of a thousand orators, the inspiration of so much song, to whose banks pilgrims from every part of the world come to worship and wonder. There it lay, spread before my devouring eyes, calm, bright, and glittering; its mighty waters still flowing onwards to the ocean with rapid roll, as they did when they witnessed the deeds that history and poetry have consecrated.

"These meditations were disturbed by the waiter calling me to dinner in very bad English. Reluctantly I turned from the delicious night scene, and closed the casement, which I shall ever love as that which afforded me the first enchanting view of the Rhine!"

Should our readers be pleased with the specimens here given, we shall return to this manuscript.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

CAMDEN SOCIETY.—The seventh anniversary meeting of this society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, Lord Braybrooke, president, in the chair. The report of the council, which was read by Mr. Thoms, the secretary, gave a favourable report of the proceedings of the society, as the full number of 1,200 members was maintained, whilst the funded stock of the society had been increased from 606l. 19s. 10d. Three per cent. Consols to 739l. 19s. 1d. The names of several new local secretaries were announced; and amongst the losses of members by death were Sir Henry Halford, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Rev. Dr. Arnold, and J. H. Merivale, Esq., whose decease was alluded to in very strong terms of sympathy and regret. Three works had been published in the past year, viz.—"An English and Latin Dictionary of words in use during the fifteenth century," "Three Chapters of Letters relating to the Suppression of the Monasteries, from the originals in the British Museum," and "Letters and State Papers relating to the proceedings of the Earl of Leicester in the Low Countries, in the years 1585 and 6," whilst four others were in the press. It was also gratifying that more printed matter had been issued in the present than in any previous year. The total receipts of the year were 1,648l. 2s. 2d., and there was a

balance in hand of 80l. 2s. 10d. The officers and council having been re-elected, on the motion of Sir Henry Ellis, the thanks of the meeting were voted to the noble president.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

HAD SONG BROUGHT THE NAME.

Had song brought the name it has brought me to-day,
Ere the friends—the first friends—of my heart died away,
To whom all my young aspirations were known,
And whose faith in my destiny equalled my own,—
How sweet 'twould have been to reflect that the few
Who predicted my fame could exult in it too!
To think that the plaudits which hailed my success
Were echoed from hearts it was rapture to bless!
For the spring-gale of fame gains a perfume above
Its own—from the flowers of Friendship and Love!

But mournful it is the wished wreath to receive
When a new race look on at the deeds I achieve,
With wonder, perchance—but, ah! not with that swell
Of the heart they would feel who in youth loved me well!

With pleasure, it may be, but not with the smile
That she would bestow, could she greet me the while!
O! none can describe—save the wretch who has known—
How charmless is fame when the valued are gone;

When the spring-gale has nought its own perfume above;
When dead are the flowers of Friendship and Love!
R. S.

MOMENTS OF BLISS.

There are scenes of joy in this world of ours,
Moments of bliss in its sorrowful hours,
In its darkest paths ye may find the flowers,
And none but the heartless and cold can miss
The moments of bliss! The moments of bliss!

When the grand and the beautiful burst on our view;
When our bosoms expand with the noble and true,
When we look up to Heaven's unchangeable blue,
And think of its God, what perfection is His!
There are moments of bliss! There are moments of bliss!

But it is not by all that such moments are found;
There are some who have forged themselves fetters,
and bound

Their spirit and heart to their kindred ground;
Who feel not, who love not, and well may they miss,
That glimpse of Elysium, the moment of bliss!

But the soul that goes forth on its Heaven-fledged wings,
And finds its own kin in all glorious things,—
When the good and the pure are a mirror, that brings
A reflection of all its own riches,—Oh this
Is the soul for such moments, the moments of bliss!
Fulham. MARIANA.

MUSIC.

Oh! Gently breathe that tender Sigh, Ballad;
and Good Night, Song. The latter written by
JOANNA BAILLIE. The Melodies and Accompaniments by W. AUGUSTUS WOODLEY.

We have had frequent opportunities of introducing Mr. WOODLEY's songs to our friends, and are happy to say that they have never failed in pleasing the amateur, and winning the approval of the musician. The first of the two before us is a sweet and elegant melody, which, once heard, fixes itself in the memory. We think, however, the words somewhat too plaintive for the music:—

OH! GENTLY BREATHE.

"Oh! gently breathe that tender sigh
Which fell so sweetly on mine ear;
And let that blue and beaming eye
Again be radiant with a tear.

I'd rather hear that mournful sound,
And see that drop so pearly fine,
Than list to thy most mirthful sound,
Or view thine eye with laughter shine.

They speak of fond affection's sway
O'er all thy pure confiding breast;
They tell that passion's far away,
Nor mar thy peace, nor break thy rest.

To me they are more pleasing still,
Than gayer sight or merrier sound;
For they do not a tale reveal
Of love neglected and returned."

The introduction of the same word at the end of two lines in the second verse is probably a misprint.

Indeed, the printers of music are at all times extremely careless in copying words.

Good Night is full of expression. The idea of stillness is admirably conveyed in the opening of each verse. The words, too, are very pretty:—

"The sun is down, and time gone by,
The stars are twinkling in the sky;
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out a blithe, but stunted day.
The hours have passed with stealthy flight—
We needs must part—Good Night! Good Night!

The bride into her bower is sent,
And ribald song and jesting spent;
The lover's whispered words, and few,
Have bade the bashful maid adieu.
The dancing floor is silent quite—
No foot bounds there—Good Night! Good Night!

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all;
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasures o'er again,
To warm the heart, to cheer the sight.
Gay dreams to all—Good Night! Good Night!"

The fitness of these words for musical expression will be felt by all who read them, and Mr. WOODLEY has done them ample justice. A composer of his unquestionable ability will be an acquisition in the present dearth of original musical talent; and we can assure him that if he is inclined to give us some more of his productions, they will find a welcome place in our musical library. We heartily and confidently commend this brace of songs to the notice of music-buyers.

MR. HORN'S SONG, *The Fairy's Flight*.

IN justice to Mr. BELLAMY, the author of the poetry of this beautiful and popular song, we are bound to notice a number of errors in the copy sent to the printer's, which converted his words into something very like nonsense. The following is a correct version of them, for which we are indebted to Mr. BELLAMY, to whom we owe an apology for the misrepresentation:—

THE FAIRY'S FLIGHT.

"Merrily, merrily, who but I,
Sporting by night through the starlight sky!
E'en ever it falls on the sleeping sea,
I make the pale moonbeam carry me.

To the filmy wing of the bat I cling,
As he circles at even-song;
Or in sport I sail on the night-owl's tail
As he lazily skims along.

Merrily, &c.
Oh! you'd laugh to see how he stares at me
With his large round eye,
When he can't make out, as I scream and shout,
Who—o—oo!—who—o—oo!—am I?
Merrily, &c.

Sometimes on a feather, toss'd hither and thither,
I ride on the rolling deep,
And the sea-mew stares when a laugh she hears
That awakens her young from sleep.
I am never at rest,
From east to west,
From the north to the south I fly;
But ever my flight
I take by night,
Under the starlight sky."

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE EDINBURGH PROFESSORSHIP OF MUSIC.—An Edinburgh correspondent informs us that the votes of the *Senatus Academicus* are equally divided between Mr. Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Donaldson, and that the casting vote will be given by a professor yet to be appointed—the Professor of Chemistry.

ART.

Summary.

EXCEPTING the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition—a succinct notice of which is given below—no event of especial interest affecting Art has occurred since our last report. As regards the Art-Union, matters remain in much the same state as at the moment when the *veto* of the Government was set upon their proceedings. A large meeting of artists has been held, at which resolutions of support were carried, and a petition to Parliament determined on. We hear that a Bill is this day (Monday) to be laid before the House, the object of which is to give a permanent establishment to such societies. Under certain restrictions, a measure of this nature

* The note of the owl.

is most desirable. We therefore heartily wish it success.

THE ART-UNION.

It will be seen that a deputation from the Artists has had an interview with the Premier, the result of which has been upon the whole satisfactory. The Government will neither oppose nor support a measure for legalizing this society: the question will be left to the unbiassed opinion of the Parliament.

As it is to Parliament only that we must now look for aid, it is essential that every influence the society can command should be brought to bear upon the members of the Senate. Unfortunately, we have against us the entire Press, daily and weekly, literary and political, of all parties and sects, with a few insignificant exceptions. The cause of this hostility, where friendliness was most expected, has surprised and perplexed those who are not admitted behind the scenes of London journalism. It cannot be that so many journals, in all things beside at war with one another, should on this alone be united, without some powerful influence operating privately upon all of them alike. The source is not difficult to be found. The print-publishers and printsellers are the parties by whom the entire machinery of opposition has been set in motion. They have threatened to withdraw their advertisements from any journal by whom the Art-Union may be supported. Hence the hostility that is seen on every side.

THE CRITIC is entirely independent of all such influences. It has never received the slightest support or encouragement from any printseller; nor, if offered on such degrading conditions, would it be accepted. We conscientiously approve of the Art-Unions; and approving them, they have had, and shall continue to have, our cordial support and advocacy. The columns of THE CRITIC are at the service of these societies, to aid them at this critical juncture.

The difficulties with which we shall have to contend in the carrying of a measure of legislative sanction for the society will be immense. Opposition will be stimulated from many quarters. Foremost will be that of the trade, with whose gains they interfere. Then there will be a dread of giving legality to that which, though erroneously, will be termed gambling. Against these forces we have only a good cause, public favour, and the exertions of the artists and the members. The work to be done will claim all their energies; but we do not despair of success if these be rightly directed. We shall watch and record their proceedings with deep interest; and it will afford us great pleasure to advance their object by any means by which it may be in the power of THE CRITIC to aid them.

GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITIONS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE seventy-sixth Exhibition, since the incorporation of the Royal Academy, was opened to the public on the 6th instant. It consists of fourteen hundred and ten works in the various departments of Art; and is, beyond question, the grandest and most attractive exhibition of modern times. Not, indeed, but that there have been seasons when a larger number of really great works have been contributed; but in the nearly total absence of these—for there are not three of such in the Gallery—there is, broadly speaking, a decided, unmistakable advance in the second and third class productions, which gives increased value and an honourable distinction to this year's collection. Too much has it been the fashion—especially from the time of tetchy, wrong-headed Barry downwards—to decry the Royal Academy, by charging it with abuses, and with unfitness for its purpose. It has its anomalies, no doubt—what human institution has not?—but let him who wishes to ascertain its true worth, and the efficacy with which it has worked out the noble object it was originally designed for, examine dispassionately this Gallery, and when he witnesses

the lofty station, and takes into account the dignity at which, under its fostering care, the British school has arrived, overlooking trivial objections, he will not fail to award it that justice which only blind or thoughtless people withhold. Compared with this exhibition, how dwarfish and feeble are the others! what a faint, far-off reflection of it is the best of them—the British Institution! It is here English genius puts forth her might, and by this exposition of her merits alone would she have foreign nations judge her.

Among the causes which have contributed in producing the striking advancement above alluded to, not the least obvious is the powerful stimulus given to Art by the proposals, and the working of the Royal Commission. But for this, three masterpieces by Etty, Maclise, and Leslie, the memory of which will linger long in those who have inspected them, had never been produced. Some beneficial effects, too, resulting from the Cartoon competition of last year, are visible in each of the large rooms. A similar competition, we opine, would be of invaluable service at some future period not distant; because it insists upon, as indispensable requisites, correct drawing and truth of expression—qualities in which the British school (while it excels in every other) is manifestly deficient.

In historical works the Exhibition is not this year particularly rich. Mr. Herbert's skillfully managed and able picture, *The Trial of the Seven Bishops*, is among the best. Mr. Leahy's *Lady Jane Grey*, painted very forcibly after his cartoon, takes rank in the same class. In Scripture history Mr. Charles Landseer has a powerful picture; and so has the distinguished French master, Paul de la Roche.

Of imaginative subjects there is abundance: it is in these that the fertility of invention, power of combination, and splendid colouring of our artists, stand triumphantly confessed. A brilliant array of contributors comes under this head. Eastlake has sent one picture—oh, why but one?—in expression, purity, and sentiment a marvel! Then come Maclise, Etty, Mulready, Leslie, Patten, Goodall, Frost, Lance, Cope, who have each one or more works of surpassing merit. Though they can scarcely be said strictly to come under this head, we cannot here refrain from directing attention to three *miracles* (for such they are) by Edwin Landseer—*Coming Events*, *Shoeing*, and *The Otter-hunt*. Never has this artist appeared in greater force.

With portraits of every shade of merit the Gallery as usual is thronged *usque ad nauseam*. The President, Sir Martin Shee, exhibits several characteristic life-like heads; and so do Messrs. Patten, Grant, Knight, and Lucas; there are a few works, too, full of breadth and strength, by the late lamented H. P. Briggs, which will have an interest for the spectator.

In the department of landscape we hardly remember a finer exhibition. It is with a sincere delight we welcome back Sir Augustus Calcott as a competitor on these walls. He has sent three works of first-rate character. Lee contributes several airy picturesque scenes, but is less happy in colour than we remember heretofore to have seen him. Danby offers *The Painter's Holiday*, a work of rare genius, the very atmosphere of which is filled with poetry. Creswick, too, with his forcibly painted rocks and transparent water, has been very successful. To a most admirable landscape *View upon the Coast of Normandy*, by a French artist, Gudin, we particularly invite attention: it is an evidence of the high pitch of excellence in this department to which some of the French school have attained. An artist, named Leitch, hitherto unknown to us, has sent a classical landscape—*Villa of Lucullus*—which, had it but a little more of life, would be the finest in the Gallery. In composition and sentiment it is perfect.

Of marine subjects there are several. The magician, Stanfield, has two, that, by their close resemblance to nature and the happiness of their composition will greatly charm. Messrs. Collins, Huggins, and Cooke contribute also some very superior works of this kind.

The department of sculpture this season is rather weak. It contains, however, a masterly group by Gibson, and an exquisite small statue of *Lady Godiva* (as she rode through Coventry), by Behnes. If, however, good imaginative and historical works be rare, we have, perhaps, in bust-sculpture, for

which there is greatest encouragement, a slight degree of improvement. There are many heads by Francis, Butler, Joseph, Weekes, Behnes, and Keyworth, which, for character, likeness, and superior artistic management, are deserving of praise.

We proceed now to notice the most prominent of the works exhibited, taking them for the most part in the order wherein they are catalogued.

EAST ROOM.

No. 7. *Portrait of John D. Brown, Esq.* J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. Elect.—This, like most of Mr. Knight's works, is painted in a low, clear tone, and delicately finished. The attitude is unconstrained and natural, and the countenance stamped with character. Its obvious defect is a want of force; an objection that too generally applies to this artist's portraits.

No. 8. *George Borrow, Esq. Author of the Bible in Spain, &c.* H. W. PHILLIPS.—We have here an unostentatious likeness of an original and successful writer, which should not be overlooked; though its attraction lies more in the subject than its treatment by the painter.

No. 11. *Ostend*, and No. 21. *Fishing-boats bringing a disabled Ship into Port Rydael.* J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—In these pictures Mr. Turner shows the striking excellences and no less remarkable faults which of late years have mingled in his productions. Originality and picturesqueness of composition, and a masterly management of effect, are chief among the merits, while indistinctness of line, and outrageous colour, are the prevailing ill qualities here displayed. Of the two, the last named is the superior picture.

No. 13. *The Otter Speared.* E. LANDSEER, R.A.—In spirit, character, truth of colour, and texture, this work fairly rivals the masterpieces of Schnyders. With the exception of the mutilated trout on the bank (which, though of value to the composition, come in rather forcedly at the close of an otter-hunt), there is a happy propriety about every thing introduced. The ferocity of the dogs, and their eager rush at the prey, are wonderfully conveyed. The figure of the huntsman is too dwarfish; but the painting of the dog in the immediate foreground, and that of the one climbing the rocks on the right, is absolutely magical.

No. 14. *The Madness of Hercules.* G. PATTEN, A.—A picture remarkable for strength of imagination, bold handling, and highly artistic government throughout. It is terribly real. In expression and colour, especially, the artist has been most successful. The sudden frenzy of the semi-god, the alarm and distraction of the mother Megara, and the terror of the escaping Therimachus, are forcibly portrayed. This picture will not easily be forgotten by those who attentively examine it.

No. 25. *The Balcony.* J. J. CHALON, R.A.—A genuine annual subject, for the most part meretricious in colour, though the sky is good.

No. 31. *Scene from Comus.* C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—This is a picture which, though not without obvious blemishes, will be greatly, and, on the whole, justly admired. It is happily conceived, and the painter's hand has well embodied the scene which fancy drew. The colour is not good, nor is the drawing always correct: witness the figure on the left side of the composition. The accessories, however, are fanciful, and skilfully disposed. Should the artist intend painting this subject as a fresco, we would suggest to him that Comus, presenting the cup and inviting the lady to partake of it, should not be cross-legged and leaning as he now is. The object the sorcerer wishes to effect would rather be furthered by a more deferential and respectful carriage than the half-indifferent air this posture gives him.

No. 37. *Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Webster.* T. WEBSTER.—A charming little gem, painted *con amore*, and as pure in colour as it well can be.

No. 44. *A Lift on the way Home.* W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A.—This is a picturesque representation of a common rustic incident. In the sheep bolting out of the road, the artist has totally failed; but for the colour of their fleeces they might pass very well for wolves.

No. 48. *Héloïse.* C. L. EASTLAKE, R.A.—One of the finest pictures we ever examined. A pale, thoughtful female, in a loose crimson robe, carelessly and unaffectedly disposed, holding in her lap a book—a rose in one hand, the other resting on the opened page, a glimpse of brown landscape, and a few leaves of the passion-flower, are all it compre-

hends. Yet out of these the artist has produced a work of subduing and lasting beauty. The sentiment and expression, equally perfect, are worthy of Raffaele. The character of the woman, too, steeped in poetry as it was, is conveyed powerfully by her countenance; in these pensive features you recognize, at a glance, the impassioned fervour and unrelaxing devotion that distinguished her. Her eyes are raised from the book, and she is thinking,—perhaps, of him who, while instructing her in the philosophy of the age, kindled silently in her enthusiastic bosom, a passion which the grave alone could quench. In this magnificent picture, the *trick* of art—though it exists in the rarest degree—is nowhere visible. It is painted in a quiet, clear tone, and the pencilling is so delicate as to be imperceptible. It is in lofty, spiritualized works such as this that Art vindicates her high prerogative, and proclaims triumphantly her value. Exulting in creative might, we here find her, mocking at death and time, by calling up at will, from the tomb of ages, a glowing image of one whose intellectual earnest character will always command the admiration of the world.

No. 58. *Prince Rupert routing the Besiegers at Newark*. A. COOPER, R.A.—There is spirit and earnestness in this battle-piece. The postures, however, of the chief combatants and their horses, though good, are sadly conventional.

No. 59. *On the Medway—Summer's Evening*. A. W. WILLIAMS.—What there is of evening in this, we are at a loss to discover. Though the scene is not unpicturesque, and there is some free, feathery handling in the foliage, it is a flat, heavy landscape. Transparency in the sky and water is greatly wanting.

No. 60. *A rapid Stream*. T. CRESWICK, A.—Were it not that the trees are feebly painted, and the foliage too indistinct, this would be a charming picture. The grey mossy rocks, the flashing water, and the glimpse of sky, are as faithful as they well can be.

No. 62. *Rain, Steam, Speed—the Great Western Railway*. J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—Though abounding with this artist's characteristic extravagances, this composition has striking merits. It is difficult to conceive the idea of speed more ably conveyed than it is here. One is absolutely almost afraid to stand before the advancing train.

No. 67. *Portrait of Her Majesty*. F. NEWENHAM.—Taken altogether, this is, perhaps, a successful picture. The likeness is obviously good, the posture dignified and composed, and the colouring creditable. Of the landscape portion, however, we cannot speak favourably; it is decidedly weak, wanting both space and atmosphere.

No. 72. *Portrait of the Rev. Bruce Knight*. Sir M. A. SHEE, P.R.A.—A very able portrait; the head is impressed with character and thought, the colour rich, and the accessories judiciously composed.

No. 73. *John Knox Reproving the Ladies of Queen Mary's Court*. A. E. CHALON, R.A.—The little that is good in this composition is not original, the much that is bad in it is not original. The attitudes are stiff and affected, the grouping objectionable, and the colour in many parts glaring and inharmonious.

No. 74. *Trout*. J. THOMPSON.—A little painting that will repay examination.

No. 78. *A Stiff Breeze*. Sir A. W. CALCOTT, R.A.—This is a cool, faithful transcript from Nature, refreshing to look upon. It abounds with space and atmosphere, and the broad effect of shadow is most skillfully thrown in.

No. 79. *The Lord Forester*. F. GRANT, A.—In this full-length the artist has been less successful than he usually is. It has a naked, meagre look, and cannot by any means be complimented for colour.

No. 83. *The Hon. Mrs. Adeane*. Mrs. W. CARPENTER.—Not an unpleasing portrait, though the colour is not everywhere pure. The shadows in some places are too heavy.

No. 85. *Sheep-Washing*. H. J. BODDINGTON.—A pastoral incident very successfully conveyed. There is here no attempt on the part of the artist at what is beyond his power. He has rightly apprehended his subject, and has treated it becomingly. The light is cleverly carried through the picture; the figures are characteristic, and the foliage is crisp and self-sustaining.

No. 95. *Christ reviled*. A. E. CHALON, R.A.—In the treatment of this subject the artist has signally failed. In his water colours he is mostly successful; pity, then, that he should take a path for

which his genius is wholly unfitted! This picture has neither drawing, colour, nor sentiment to recommend it.

No. 96. *Scene from Comus. Sabrina releases the Lady from the enchanted Chair*. D. MACLISE, R.A.—Of the poetic imagination, the grace, beauty, and harmony which distinguish this composition, it were difficult to speak too highly. The charm of skilful grouping, and the power of lines, may here be witnessed to advantage. An expression of absorbing interest in the action of the nymph, as she releases the lady from enchantments, is happily impressed on the figures. The light is beautifully managed; the colour pure, and (in this case with propriety) cold. The brothers on the left,—balanced by the attendant spirit on the right of the central group,—present as bold and original a line as can be conceived. Perhaps the entire effect is more of the kind usually produced by sculpture than should exist in painting.

No. 111. *Morning—Boulogne*. W. COLLINS, R.A.—This is unquestionably one of the ablest marine subjects in the Exhibition. Seldom is there seen a sky better painted than this: there is a propriety and truth in the form and colour of the heavy, dropping clouds, which move lazily along beneath the thinner strata. In composition this picture is singular; the prominent features, boats and figures, being confined to the extreme right, while from the middle to the left, the artist depends almost wholly on spaciousness and charm of colour to give value to his picture. In No. 141, *Seaford, Sussex*, (companion to the above) Mr. COLLINS, than whom a closer observer of nature does not exist among our artists, has a fine passage of clouds casting their shadows on the beach and the sea, in direct opposition to the absurd and false assertion hazarded by a late writer on the ancient and modern landscape painters—viz., that shadows are never visible on water.

No. 123. *The Backbiter*. W. ETTY, R.A.—In this, as well as in No. 130, a little further on, the spectator will be greatly charmed with the loveliness of the females, and the exquisite colouring which every where distinguishes this artist's productions. In the latter of the two, however, notwithstanding she has her missal, &c. before her, there is in the lady more of the voluptuary than the devotee.

No. 122. *An Italian Port—Sunrise*; and No. 129, *Morning—an Italian Scene*. Sir A. W. CALCOTT, R.A.—A pair of magnificent classical landscapes; full of subject and most admirably managed. In light, space, and atmosphere, these works approach very near to CLAUDE'S.

No. 128. *The Whistonian Controversy*. W. MULREADY, R.A.—If the reader wishes to see how far splendour of colour, delicacy of finish, truth of character, ability of composition, and the power of telling a story, have been carried in our day, let him attentively inspect this valuable work. Looking on such pictures as these all men become critics, and, stranger still, they have but one voice in speaking of them.

No. 142. *Sir Walter Scott, dining with one of the Blue-gown Beggars of Edinburgh*. A. FRASER.—This composition is not devoid of truth of character and sentiment; but it is treacly and brown in colour.

No. 145. *The intercepted Billet*, W. MULREADY, and *The Catechist*, W. COLLINS, are each in their manner meritorious, and deserving of attention; as also is No. 149, *An Irish Peasant awaiting the return of her Husband*, in which the effect is cleverly managed.

No. 150. *Objects of Vertu, from Fonthill*. W. MADDOX.—Carefully painted; the arrangement good, and the opposition of colour judicious.

No. 152. *A subject from Comus, painted the size of the intended fresco*. W. ETTY, R.A.—This is a work that will not readily be forgotten by those who have seen it. In the composition there is a world of imagination and poetry; the figures are all of a ravishing beauty, and the colouring is wonderful. Two groups more voluptuous, without a taint of grossness, than the Venus and Adonis on the left, and the Cupid and Psyche on the right of the picture, have rarely been imagined.

No. 156. *The Raising of Jairus' Daughter*. E. U. ENNIS.—Not devoid of excellences, chief of which is its colour; but it has many defects. Of these conventionality of attitude is the most striking.

No. 165. *Girl with Parrot*. D. MACLISE, R.A.—Little is there in this subject to recommend it.

The girl is any thing but beautiful, and the colouring is hard, crude, and violent.

No. 166. *On the Conway, North Wales*. W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A.—Not an unfaithful imitation of a frequent effect in nature.

No. 170. *Chapel in the Church of St. Jean at Caen*. D. ROBERTS, R.A.—A magnificently painted interior; perhaps the first in the Gallery. The composition is masterly; the distribution of light skilful; and the shadows are becomingly thin and transparent.

No. 176. *The Marchioness of Waterford*. F. GRANT, A.—This cannot be considered a successful portrait. The attitude of the lady is dignified and easy, the composition of the picture unaffected; yet the flatness and gloominess of the colouring greatly overbalance those merits.

No. 177. *Jubal*. H. HOWARD, R.A.—One of the best pictures by this artist we have of late years seen.

No. 180. *Charles II. at New Shoreham*. C. JACQUAND.—There is not a little merit in this composition. The story is intelligibly told, the sentiment highly touching and natural.

No. 182. *Portrait of W. Charles Macready*. The late H. P. BRIGGS, R.A.—A characteristic and life-like head of our greatest tragedian.

No. 187. *The Day after the Wreck. A Dutch East-Indiaman on Shore in the Ouster Schelde*. C. STANFIELD, R.A.—In every sense a masterly production. A more lively idea of such a scene could scarcely have been portrayed on canvas. The effects are truthful, and most judiciously managed. The sky surcharged on the left with heavy thunder-clouds, and with a burst of light in its centre; the turbulent waves, transparent, reflective, and fluid; the grouping of the boats, their buoyant motion; and the fixity of the land, are conveyed to admiration.

No. 189. *Portrait of G. Loftus*. H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A.—Painted with a clear, full pencil: the figure is easy in posture.

No. 196. *Portrait of a Lady*. J. G. MIDDLETON.—This is a full-length that gives promise of yet greater excellence in the artist. It composes well. The animals introduced are painted with spirit, and have a good effect.

No. 200. *Evening*; and No. 201. *Landscape and Cattle*. J. WILSON, Jun.—These landscapes have the charm of true rustic feeling to recommend them. They are picturesque in line, but deficient in strength of colour.

No. 202. *Jairus' Daughter Raised*. W. PONCIA.—Originality of composition and truth of expression are the most prominent features of this work.

No. 203. *A scene from the Decameron of Boccaccio*. J. J. CHALON, R.A.—A tricky, spotty, metricious picture; totally unworthy of the favourable place it holds.

No. 204. *Portrait of M. P. Lucas, esq.* J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. Elect.—A cleverly painted head, impressed strongly with character, and evidently a successful likeness.

No. 215. *A Devonshire Lane*. F. R. LEE, R.A.—We have here a refreshing, agreeable landscape. The composition is picturesque, and the light led skilfully through the picture. The handling is bold, free, and characteristic, as may be seen in the oak, ash, and birch trees which fringe the watery lane. The colouring, however, in some places, is heavy and unnatural.

No. 227. *The Sempstress*. R. Redgrave, A.—There are few who examine this picture but will feel an emotion of sympathy for the unhappy class of females of whose cruel labours it is an imaginary exponent. It embodies a scene from Hood's pathetic poem, *The Song of the Shirt*. So touching is its sentiment, and such the truth of expression in the haggard, worn countenance of the female as she sits at her wearisome night-long work, whilst morning streams through the casement, that it will hold a place in memory when pictures of far greater pretensions shall have been forgotten.

We are now arrived at

THE MIDDLE ROOM.

As you enter turn to the left; immediately by the door you will see a showy picture (No. 234). It is *An Incendiary Fire*, by F. R. LEE, R.A. The colouring is fine, the composition picturesque, and it interests because it tells a story.

Next to it (No. 235) is *Milking-Time*; one of COOPER'S cattle-pieces; always truthful, but too like one another.

A little further, pause before No. 238. What a charming group! *The Wedding Morning—the*

Departure.

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281, by F. G.

Departure. The blushing bride is parting from her weeping mother; the bridegroom, saddened by the scene, takes her arm to lead her away. Her sister sobs in the embrace of the father, whose manly lip is pressed tight to stifle his inward struggles. The child catches the infection and cries. An open door shows the company carousing cheerfully in another room—a telling contrast: through the window we see the carriage in process of being packed. The accessories are all good. R. REDGRAVE is the artist.

No. 239 will deserve a passing glance. It is the *Martyrdom of John Brown, of Priesthill*, 1685. The painter is T. DUNCAN. The subject is very disagreeable, but it is well grouped, and has some good drawing.

The next noticeable picture is No. 248—*King Josiah shooting the Arrow of Deliverance*, by W. DYCE. It will attract by its oddity, and retain attention by the visible energy and earnestness which the artist has thrown into the two figures. You must look twice at it to feel its merit.

What can be that conglomeration of all bright hues that attracts the eye a little further on? It is one of TURNER's mysteries, No. 253, which he thus quaintly explains: *Van Tromp, going about to please his masters, ships a sea, getting a good wetting*. There is merit in this, but so obscured by mannerism run mad, that pain subdues pleasure in the gazer. The sea is sea-like. But were ever ships so coloured anywhere, but on Turner's canvas?

You may skip the next seven with only a glance, and then rest for a while upon No. 261, a sweet bit of *Sunset on the Gell, Cumberland*, by BLACKLOCK. It is an English picture in its whole character. Its neighbour, 262, *Nymphs Dancing*, by FROST, has some good colouring.

CORE's name will require you to look at 264, which he calls *Palpitation*. It is a simple sketch of a young girl anxiously listening, while her mother answers the postman's knock: she fears the discovery of a correspondence. We have seen better things by this artist, both in design and execution. It is good, but not worthy of his excellent powers.

No. 265 is one of ETTY's nudités; but not quite so naked as usual. Ladies may look at it without blushing.

Pass onwards to a striking picture which will arrest every eye, even though the artist's name do not command attention. It is an arctic winter scene by starlight, a waste of mountain covered with snow, and at its feet a lake, over which a stag is swimming, his long, wearisome voyage being marked by the dim hue of light upon the water. In the foreground is another noble stag, which lifts up its voice to its companion, as if calling to him to hasten that they may depart together, before the winter is too far advanced. It is the production of EDWIN LANDSEER, who has quaintly called it "*Coming events cast their Shadows before*." It is in its conception one of the most poetical pictures in the Exhibition, both in what it depicts and what it suggests. Before you quit the room, return and gaze again upon it, for the more you look the more it will please you.

Probably, you will be inclined to pass, without examination, a strange-looking little picture, just beyond the grand one last noticed. But you must not do so, for it is a production of extraordinary merit, as you will say when you look into it. No. 277 is a *Scene from Undine*; where she passes through the enchanted forest, encounters the wood-demon and the gnomes, and is protected from their fury by the young knight, Huldbrand. At first the picture appears hard, stiff, and *outré*, but presently you perceive the wonderful exuberance of fancy that has been lavished upon it. Look at the gnomes that crowd the scene, how each has its own individuality of character and office—with what effect they are clustered, how artistically the whole work is composed! It is from the easel of MACLISE, and has all his merits without his mannerism. You must return to this also.

The eye will be attracted by a very glaring bit of canvas above it—PATTEN's *Maternal Love*. You feel inclined to scream to the careless mamma, that the sprawling baby in her lap must inevitably fall, according to the laws of gravity, which the painter has boldly set at defiance. But you are consoled with the reflection that such a baby would be no great loss.

There are not many portraits in this exhibition, for which let the Council be praised. But you will be pleased with that of *Master George Byng*, No. 284, by F. GRANT, R.A.

"What have we there? A menagerie?" asks every voice around us. There are elephants in dens, precisely similar to those in the Zoological Gardens, and parrots upon poles, with a group of persons on the floors of very showman aspect. C. LANDSEER has called it *The Return of the Dove to the Ark* (No. 287). But for the description in the catalogue nobody would have dreamed of the ark. It is, however, a good picture in itself, but a better title should have been given to it.

No. 289 should be looked at because it is a portrait of *Mrs. Austen*, the clever translator of German literature. It is an intellectual head.

DAVID COX's *Going to the Hay-field* (296) is a charming bit of landscape, exquisitely coloured; and near it is *A Mountain Torrent* (298), by CRESWICK, a delicious transcript of Nature's greenery.

You must not omit to look at 301, because it is the portrait of a lady in the 101st year of her age, who still lives, the widow of a dean of Winchester.

No. 303 has a double claim upon your attention—first, because it is from the easel of the famous French painter, PAUL DELAROCHE; secondly, for the intrinsic merit of the work, which has all the dignity and classical severity of the old masters. The subject is a *Holy Family*. This is the first of this great artist's pictures we have seen, and his style strikes us as much more German than French.

How beautiful in composition, how brilliant in colour, is 305, DANBY's *Painter's Holiday*, which for poetry ranks next to Landseer. It is a rich sunset scene, as glowing as if the artist had dipped his brush in the crimson of the most gorgeous of autumn evenings. The landscape, which he has thus lighted up with the hues of heaven, is a composition of solemn grandeur. There is no picture in the Exhibition we should so much like to place where it would be most within our sight as this delicious Danby.

Just above it is LAUDER's *Ten Virgins* (No. 306). There is some good colouring, but the artist has failed to make it an *interesting* picture. It does not tell its own story, nor are the virgins very agreeable specimens of their sex. Perhaps the artist wished to indicate the superiority of wisdom to beauty; if so, he has completely succeeded.

No. 312 is a cheerful, animated picture of *Mary Queen of Scots returning from the Chase to Stirling Castle*. It is by R. ANDSEN, and indicates talent which, duly cultivated, may attain to greatness. Very well worthy of inspection, also, is Buss's *Joe Willet taking leave of Dolly Varden* (317).—Joe is admirable; Dolly is not quite arch enough, nor does she quite *feel* enough—but she is as pretty as the original.

The size of No. 319 will attract your eye, and the energy and bustle of the picture will arrest it. LAUDER has here depicted the scene in *Old Mortality*, where Claverhouse orders Morton to be carried out and shot. The grouping is good, and the expression of the figures indicates great power in the painter. It is a work of extraordinary promise.

You may pass over the next seven with a glance, but rest for a moment upon a clear, flat, nature-like *View upon the Coast of Normandy* (32), by GUDIN, a French artist; from which you may turn to 329, *The Brother's First Letter*, by J. G. MIDDLETON. The sisters, who are poring over the epistle, are pretty girls, and there is a world of love in their eager eyes. "How astonishing! Can it be a painting? Did you ever see any thing like it?" murmur many voices on your right; and the crowd collected there indicates the locality of something very attractive. Nor does the public taste err in this. Here is one of E. LANDSEER's master-pieces, "*Shoeing*" (No. 232), a simple picture of a horse in a blacksmith's shop in the act of being shod, with a noble dog looking calmly upon the process. But such a horse! it is *perfection*—it lives—it breathes—it looks as if it must walk out of the canvas. But genius such as this distances description. It must be seen to be understood.

Some productions of mediocre merit follow, nor does any one claim special attention till you come to No. 342—the subject, Coleridge's *Genevieve*, which COPE has undertaken, but not successfully. The picture does not embody the conception of the poet; the light is *not* the blending of evening with moonshine; Genevieve is too much of the ball-room miss, and the lover is much more of a knight than a poet. The whole picture wants the simplicity which is the charm of the delightful poem it is designed to illustrate.

Next to it is a delicious picture, *Repose*, by COOPER (No. 343). It is impossible that cattle could be better done than here. Then you have CRESWICK's *Scene on the Tummel* (344), a charming summer landscape, which we should covet for a sitting-room, and contrasting strangely with its neighbour, a *Venice*, by TURNER (345), a gorgeous dream, but unnatural, though more truthful than most of his recent pictures.

You will look at 347, because it is a good likeness of *Lord Stanley*, but for no other merit, and pass onward to 351, LESLIE's *Sancho Panza in the Apartment of the Duchess*. In this, as in most of his works, Leslie has repeated himself. It is a clever and characteristic composition, but every figure is to be found in twenty of his earlier productions.

Another *Venice*, by TURNER, No. 356, is open to the same remarks as its companion, and need not long detain the spectator from the enjoyment of the exquisite sentiment of 364, *Sir Thomas More and his Daughter*, "embodying an anecdote of his beholding from his prison some monks passing to execution, and expressing his regret that he was not with them." It is from the easel of HERBERT, and of itself would establish his claim to the title of a great artist. It is one of the gems of the Exhibition, and admiration of it will grow with examination. The expression of the two faces is masterly.

Near it, No. 365, an *Evening before Rain, at Sea*, by KNELL, will please as a very nice painting. No. 367, *Undine*, by LAUDER, almost in its flesh rivals ETTY, as may be seen by comparing it with the latter artist's *Eve at the Fountain* (No. 371), a few feet further on. But do not omit 368, one of ROBERTS's *Egyptian Scenes*, which are felt to be true even by those who have never travelled.

You may pass over some portraits and gilt frames until you stand before 379, in which Sir W. ALLAN has recorded the royal visit to Hawthornden. It is a fine landscape, well painted, and will be a valuable addition to the picture gallery of the Queen-honoured mansion.

The large picture next to it is remarkable, as being a coloured cartoon, one of those exhibited at Westminster—the artist, STEPHANOFF, the subject from *Comus*. The effect is excellent, and there is fine drawing and true colouring to earn the approval of the artist and the amateur.

Last to be looked at in this room is HERBERT's great picture of *The Trial of the Seven Bishops* (388). He has chosen the moment of their acquittal, when the agitation was at its height. The picture is a fine one, but it strikes us as being faulty in this, that there is not quite shew enough of excitement. The characters are all too calm and quiet for such an anxious moment. The grouping is very good, but altogether it has disappointed us.

We go now into

THE WEST ROOM.

Immediately above the door is a fine historical picture by TOWNSEND, one of the second prize-men for the cartoons. No. 389, *The fatal Letter of Charles I. intercepted by Cromwell and Ireton*, is worthy of this artist's high reputation. The massiveness of the Cromwell head, the compressed lip, the clutch of the hands, are masterly tokens of the passion within. Ireton points to the passage that proves the king's treacherous intent; the saddle from which the fatal missive was torn lies by his side; a solitary lantern lights the scene. The colouring is subdued, perhaps almost too sombre, but this is a fault that leans to virtue's side.

On the right of this hangs a fine head of a *Monk*, E. WILLIAMS (No. 394); below it a picture of "*Tasso reciting his Poem to the Princess*," by HOLLINS, which just misses being a fine work, through an unaccountable stiffness and block-like aspect of the figures. No. 397 is a sweet *Early Morning* effect by GEDDES; and 398 will please, like all LEE's Devonshire scenery. It is a bit of nature, and therefore the highest art.

You will be much pleased with its neighbour, 399, *Jacob refusing to let Benjamin go*, by HARWOOD.—There is a vast deal of sentiment in this work, and it proves that the artist who could do this could achieve better things with due study. From this you may run the eye hastily over a group of coloured canvases until you arrive at No. 417, a charming sketch of a *Norwegian Girl*, by ZIEGLER, and 420, a *Boaz and Ruth*, which betrays the masterly composition, and the clear, warm, Eastern atmosphere and the graceful forms of O'NEILL. PATTEN's portrait of the *Hon. and Rev. Baptist*

Noel will greatly interest you in the benevolent features of the man.

But here you must fairly retreat to the middle of the room, and keeping out of the stream of visitors for sake of ease, look for a long time at another painted cartoon by LEAHY, the subject being "*Lady Jane Grey summoned to her Execution*" (142).—There is fine, bold drawing, excellent grouping, and more than respectable colouring in this picture, which, as a whole, is highly creditable to the artist.

Below it you will see LEE's *Ploughed Field* (426), in parts excellent, but in its main subject an utter failure. It is not at all like a ploughed field, and it would puzzle a countryman to tell what it is.

There is something exquisitely touching in (427) *The Highland Lament*, by JOHNSTONE. It is a bit of real poetry. The solemn hills; the piper, with his melancholy step and sad brow; the weeping woman who follows; the hour; the wildness of the place; the very hue of the sky, all tell the story with effect. This is a picture which it will be difficult for those who have seen to forget. But the artist is a man of great talent—marked for fame.

LINNELL's *Portrait of Thomas Carlyle* (428), should be inspected for the sake of the original. It is a speaking likeness.

Nor would you pass unnoticed No. 429, an *Interior of a Chapel*, by ROBERTS. It is thoroughly his own.

Another beautiful, but unreal vision by TURNER will now attract your gaze. It is *Venice Quay* (No. 430). There may be such colours at Venice, but we never saw anything like them elsewhere. Surely an atmosphere of rainbow is more likely to be found in our watery climate than in Italy. But *chacun à son goût*.

Clear, correct, and sober-hued is HART's *Interior*, looking into the sacristy of a cathedral, at Florence, (433): you need not dwell upon it, but pass on to ROBERTS's best contribution to this splendid collection of British Art—*The Pyramids of Ghizeh—Sunset*. The rich hues of the descending sun are thrown with wonderful effect upon the hot sands, and gild the gigantic pyramids. This is a very poetical picture, and will deserve to be revisited.

No. 446. *The Dark Suppliant*, by WILSON, is noticeable for its expression; and 449, *La Fleur's Departure from Montreuil*, by WARD, for its being so very French; yet it has considerable merit, for it is life-like and amusing.

Near it is one of MARTIN's imaginative sketches: *A Morning* (No. 450) *on the Sea-coast*, with a vast range of rock and water, and an illimitable sea, and all tinged with the most gorgeous hues. We much prefer this to its companion, *Evening* (463).

If you like a landscape, created by a few masterly touches, view first at a distance, then near, DAVID COX's *Castle* (456); you will then discover that boldness of touch tells well even in water-colour.

Ha! here is a noble picture;—a Stanfield surely!—No, it is not, though it would honour even him. It is No. 461, by HARDING; the subject, *Anglers on the Loire*, a clear, sunny scene, with water so crisp, one longs to bathe in it, and an atmosphere so soft that the breath seems to take it in. Of the same class, but not of equal merit, is 469, COOKE's *Antwerp from the Scheldt*. It is very beautiful nevertheless, and will reward a lengthened gaze.

Turn now to 472 GOODALL's *Wounded Soldier returned to his Family*. It is almost a Wilkie, for its simplicity and truth. There is the hand of a great artist in every part of this picture, and he is yet a very young man.

No. 480, WOOLNOUTH's *Trial of the Earl of Strafford* is huge, but not interesting: it is a perplexing mass of heads set up in rows. It is asserted that they are portraits; perhaps in that lies their value.

Much more attractive is KENNEDY's *Tea-table Talk* (482); a humorous sketch of two spirits of gossip and scandal; and just beyond it (485), *On the Lys, Ghent*, which will interest as a nice picture, but more that it is the production of a son of Stanfield, and proves (so we presume at least) that the mantle of the father will descend.

But beautiful exceedingly is its neighbour, *A Summer Afternoon*, by CRESWICK, one of the most delicious landscapes of that delightful painter. It is a scene from which the eye turns with regret, and often sends a long, lingering, backward look, for it is nature, which ever goes to the heart, and never more than on such an occasion as this. The very air about us seems to grow cool as we gaze. This is a picture we should like to have as a companion in

the most-frequented sitting-room. But, however reluctant, move on you must, or your task will never be accomplished.

There (490) is a portrait of MULREADY, painted by himself; and there (491), FAITH's clever *Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield, where the Squire describes some passages in his town life*. There is much character in this, but the vicar is too portly for popular notions of him.

HAVELL's *Cascade at Hong-Kong*, 492, may detain you for a moment, as a specimen of the landscape loveliness of that famous island; and DEANE's *St. Goerhausen*, on the Rhine, for its drawing, though it is vilely coloured. You may skip some seven or eight of its neighbours, and halt before 505, with a resolution to look into it. F. STONE has here told a tale, which he calls "*The course of true love never did run smooth*;" but so truthfully, you would have read it instantly, though the catalogue had not so informed you. What expression there is in the faces of the lovers!—what quiet grace about the entire composition! A long history is narrated in the eyes and attitudes of those figures; and you cannot do better than sit, and while your gaze rests upon the artist's exquisite handiwork, let your imagination depict the history he desires you should gather from the group.

No. 511 has very considerable merit. The incident in the Life of Salvator Rosa, when he drew his first cartoon on the walls of the Pertosa at Naples, and being discovered, was doomed to do heavy penance for his temerity, is admirably told by W. SIMSON. The half-proud, half-frightened face of the young artist, the surprise of the sister, the angry countenance of the monk, are portrayed with great skill, and form a very pleasing picture.

The next striking work of art, and one of the best of its class in the room, is 522, ELMORE's *Rienzi in the Forum*. The grouping is artistic, the colouring masterly—the chief fault is the want of more figures; for we cannot imagine a man wasting so much oratorical energy as Rienzi is evidently throwing out upon so thin an audience as is assembled about him here.

Close to this is STANFIELD's beautiful scene of the *Oude Scheldt*: waves that seem to swell and break as we gaze; an atmosphere like nature; a picturesque patch of land, with a building upon it. This is one of the pictures we covet greatly.

A little further on, and you will be attracted by a strangely hued canvas called *The Pear-tree Well*, by GILBERT, No. 528. It is a shadowy scene, fit place for the romantic legend it depicts. There is much talent in this work, which will bear examination, and improve upon acquaintance.

What has gathered such a group at that corner, and why is there a smile on every face as it looks upon a crowded canvas of no very large dimensions? Let us see. Ha! here is a clever bit of fun—"A Scene on board a Steamer," by F. BIARD (531). The various characters spread upon the deck, in the different stages of filling and emptying the stomach, are admirable comedy, and the gravest will not resist the infection of the laugh.

And the next, 532, is a very fine composition; it is a *Scene from Old Mortality*, by MIDDLETON: the moment chosen is when Morton is condemned to death, and Mucklewraith, in his zeal, rushes to put forward the hand of the clock, but is arrested by his companion, who exclaims that he hears a distant noise. There is much of life and earnestness in the scene, and it impresses itself vividly upon the memory—proof of its truthfulness.

Another stride onward, past some yards of unattractive productions, and you may spend a few minutes in an examination of 550, *Diogenes seeking an Honest Man*, by BULLOCK. There is much talent in this head, which looks out from the canvas, and seems to say to every passer-by "Are you he?"

Adjoining is 551, POOLE's *Moors beleaguered by the Spaniards in the City of Valencia*, a thorough plagiarism from his own picture of *The Plague*, so much noticed last season. The same groups are here, the same rich colouring, the same hideous display of famished limbs. But why people in a siege should be naked as well as hungry we cannot divine: they do not eat their clothes. Mr. Poole must hasten to escape from his mannerism, or he will be lost; he has undoubted powers, but he must apply them better.

From this clever, but hideous picture, the eye turns with delight to DANBY's splendid painting of *The Tomb of Christ when visited by Mary Magdalene* (No. 552). The tomb is lighted up by the

heavenly hues of the angel who stands there, and the effect thus produced, compared with the darkness without, is beautiful beyond description. DANBY improves year by year, and we esteem him now as one of the very greatest of our painters.

Lastly, in this room, is 557, another of the innumerable scenes from the Vicar of Wakefield, where the Vicar addresses Olivia. It is by HOLLINS, and is certainly a clever work; but why do not our artists choose subjects of more freshness? The Vicar and his family were exhausted long ago. This continual resort to the same theme argues a want of creative genius on the part of those who make it. We enter now

THE OCTAGON ROOM,

artistically known as the condemned cell, but nevertheless often containing some very attractive and valuable works. A few of those in the present room will repay you for your visit. Among them is M'INNES's *Luther listening to the Sacred Ballad*, No. 558; full of expression and character.

No. 571 is by LANCE, called the *Grandmother's Blessing*, and one of the best specimens of his wonderfully exact handiwork. No. 577, M'LAN's embodiment of an anecdote told of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, is interesting. SEVERN's *Vintage Scene in Southern Italy* (579) is an exquisite bit of colouring, and, moreover, a charming composition. WOODWARD's *Sketching from Nature* (590) is full of rich humour. An artist, while sketching, has been attacked by a bull, who does not understand the indignity of being drawn for the amusement of the visitors at the Royal Academy; we see the painter hiding himself behind a tree, while his enemy tramples with disdain upon his canvas and other paraphernalia. WALKER's *Evening* (614) is a sweet landscape; and WILLIAMS's *Rush-cutters, near Henley* (615), will please by its quiet, subdued tones, and the reality of its effects. HURLSTONE's *Prisoner of Chillon* (585) has some power, but it is too much in the melo-dramatic style; and HARTNELL's *Gipsy Party* (604) is a charming group, proclaiming abilities in the artist which must lead to fame.

Let us now proceed to the

DRAWINGS AND MINIATURES' ROOM;

as usual, crowded with pictures and spectators. It would be impossible, in any reasonable compass, to criticise a tenth part of the works that line the walls. They must be looked at with a sort of rapid glance at the mass, pausing only before the most striking. MULREADY's *Portrait of a Boy* (634) is very clever. BARRET's *Sunset* (636) is a beautiful effect. The miniatures are of varied excellence, but all highly creditable to British art. In the midst of them is a wonderfully delicate painting on ivory, by Sir W. J. NEWTON, of *The Marriage of the Queen* (771), remarkable for its finish; and near it a portrait of the *Marchioness of Douro* (760), by Sir W. C. ROSS, the drapery of which is perfect.

When you have wearied your sight by the multitude of minute objects here assembled, turn to the

ARCHITECTURAL ROOM.

Here, also, it is unnecessary to specify particular objects for notice, with two or three exceptions, of which the foremost in interest are undoubtedly BARRY's fine views of the new Houses of Parliament, as they will appear when completed (1186 and 1196). Each of the medals, models, and carvings in the centre of the room will repay close inspection, and three or four hours may be well spent by the visitor in this room alone. But a guide to it would be a volume.

SCULPTURE.

No. 1266. *Group in Marble*. J. GIBSON, R.A.—This is by far the finest group in the room; it would not have discredited the best days of Grecian art. It is very simple in composition, consisting merely of a huntsman about to unleash a dog. There is an earnestness of intention in both figures: the posture of the man is good, the anatomy correct, and the lines which the group cuts, from all points of view, are graceful and pleasing. No. 1267. *Love triumphant*. P. MACDOWELL, A.—Though the sentiment here is good, as a whole, it cannot be termed a successful group. The drawing in several places, especially the right arm of the female, is defective, and there is a want of grace and variety in the sweep of the hair, which in all these figures is crisp and curly. No. 1272. *Lady Godiva*. W. BEHNES.—This is a most lovely group; the lady remarkable for her beauty, and the horse admirable.

No. 1273. J. GIBSON. No. 1277. equally v. quaderer hypocris over the ances GREEKS. guishes t. tue of th work tha full of ch the robe, disposed. sination A striki stinct wit the woun tenance, deserving. —The V here are and 1303. of sentim of Georg executed. Soldier Severely sentiment Norton. been emi and fasci shaped, contribut counmena concentr of this b rarely ha textures the whole busts by we wishe to oursel

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No. 1276. *Colossal Statue of late Mr. Huskisson*. J. GIBSON.—A grand, thoughtful, dignified statue. No. 1277. *Figure of Iago*. J. G. LOUGH.—This might equally well have passed for a common-place masquerader as for Iago. There is no trace of villainy or hypocrisy on this countenance. The thin beard spread over the chin gives this marble an unfinished appearance. No. 1280. *The Fisherman's Orphan*. W. GEFFS.—A quiet, yet touching, sentiment distinguishes this composition. No. 1283. *Marble Statue of the late Lord Rolle*. E. B. STEPHENS.—A work that will add to this artist's repute. The head is full of character, the posture original and easy, and the robe, with which the figure is draped, artistically disposed. No. 1286. *Group in Marble—Assassination of General Kleber*. L. V. BOUGRON.—A striking group: Soliman, the assassin, is instinct with energy and determination; the figure of the wounded soldier, and the expression of his countenance, are also good. Nos. 1287 and 1289 are deserving of attention. No. 1292. *An Alto-relievo—The Vintage*. J. HENNING, Jun.—The figures here are too set and studied in attitude. Nos. 1302 and 1303 are both clever, and shew a propriety of sentiment that is meritorious. No. 1317. *Bust of George Stephenson*. C. J. PIRRS.—A boldly executed, thoughtful head. No. 1319. *A Greek Soldier watering his Horse*. W. SPENCE.—Severely and thoroughly classical, both in line and sentiment. No. 1354. *Marble Bust of the Hon. Mrs. Norton*. T. BUTLER.—In this work the artist has been eminently successful. It is, indeed, a lovely and fascinating bust. The head is exquisitely shaped, and the elegant arrangement of the hair contributes greatly to its value; in expression the countenance is remarkable for intellect and quiet concentrated thought. For the manipulative merits of this bust, the artist deserves especial mention; rarely have we seen a more faithful imitation of textures than is here to be found; and the finish of the whole is admirable. Of several other superior busts by Weekes, Joseph, Behnes, and Stephens, we wished to speak, but the limits we prescribed to ourselves at first have long been over passed.

CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND THE ART-UNIONS.—On Tuesday morning a deputation from the general body of artists, composed of the following gentlemen, Messrs. H. Warren, G. R. Ward, R. Rothwell, W. Finden, E. Goodall, C. Moore, A. Clint, F. T. Hurlstone, J. Fahey, J. B. Pyne, J. Stephanoff, A. Aglio, and R. W. Buss, were honoured with an interview by Sir R. Peel, upon the subject of art-unions. The deputation was accompanied by Mr. T. Wise, M.P. The beneficial effects of the art-unions of London, Dublin, Manchester, Birmingham, and others, were stated by the deputation, and the sums expended last year at the different exhibitions in London through their medium.* Sir R. Peel stated, that it appeared to him that it would be most expedient that a committee to consider this particular subject should be appointed; and that any member of the House moving to that effect, her Majesty's Government would not oppose it; suggesting a special committee rather than a reference to the committee now sitting on the subject of bets on horse-racing, from which it must be considered in its nature and ultimate objects perfectly distinct. Sir R. Peel, addressing Mr. Wyse, expressed his conviction that his suggestion could not be placed in better hands than in that of the member of Parliament whom he was now addressing, and who expressed his willingness at once to bring the matter before the House, and in whose hands the petition from the general body of artists was placed on Monday last, having already received the signatures of 500 artists.

A paragraph found its way into circulation a few days ago, respecting some additions which have recently been made to the Print-room of the British Museum. As some inaccuracies were contained in the paragraph alluded to, it may be as well to lay before the public a more correct statement of the circumstances. Since the appointment of Mr. José to the keepership of the collection of prints and drawings in the British Museum, not only have great and very important additions been made to it, but the whole has lately been removed to a room built ex-

pressly for the purpose, and nearly all the prints and drawings have been arranged and placed in magnificent portfolios. The more recent acquisitions alluded to above, are a most perfect collection of the works of Raffaele Morghen, consisting of the various etchings, unfinished and finished proofs, which he retained for his own use, and which, after his decease, passed into the possession of Signor Bardi, of Florence. From him they were purchased by Messrs. Colnaghi and Co. of Pall-mall East (not Messrs. Colnaghi and Puckle, of Cockspur-street, as erroneously stated), and sold by them to the Trustees of the British Museum for 1,575*l*. The etchings by Rembrandt, recently purchased from Messrs. Smith, of Lisle-street, consisted chiefly of prints of somewhat minor importance, but still available for all artistic purposes. These have been added to a second collection of that artist's works, which has lately been judiciously formed, in order to obviate any possibility of injury happening to the magnificent collection of Rembrandt's etchings already there, which has, under Mr. José's auspices, become, instead of the third or fourth, undoubtedly the first collection in Europe. But among the prints furnished by Messrs. Smith are some of very considerable importance, of which may be mentioned unique and undescribed early states of Rembrandt's portrait of Coppola the writing-master, of Vander Linden, and some of his landscapes, together with many very important prints by early German and Dutch masters, several curious early mezzotints, and some fine engravings by Faithorne and Hollar.

THE DRAMA.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

ALL the world is flocking to this theatre to see the *prima donna* of the Paris *Opera Comique*, who is enchanting the visitors by her beauty, her grace, her liveliness, and her inimitable acting. Madame THILLON, the enchantress who is turning the heads of all the gentlemen, is an Englishwoman; her maiden name ANNA HUNT; her history a romance. Misfortune drove her to Paris early in life: there she went upon the stage, and married at the early age of fourteen. She rose rapidly in favour with the Parisians, was established as the *prima donna* of the *Opera Comique*, and now has visited her native country to bring the world to her pretty feet by the attraction of the brightest eyes that ever sparkled, a lively laughing face, and a delicious figure. The opera in which she exhibits her spells is one of AUBER's, the English version of which is entitled the *Crown Diamonds*: the music is light and pleasing, admirably harmonized, but without attractive airs. Madame THILLON plays her part in it to perfection. Her voice is musical, and under admirable control; and her difficult passages are performed with an ease which adds inexpressibly to the charm of music. The story of the opera is more attractive than usual with operas, and it affords opportunities for stage effect, dress, decoration, &c. of which, as usual, the spirited manager has not omitted liberally to avail himself. Every part was well supported, and PAUL BEDFORD put forth all his powers. The orchestra was in excellent order. At the fall of the curtain on each night the applause is uproarious. We recommend every playgoer by no means to omit a visit to the fascinations of Madame THILLON.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

It is with great pleasure we note the steady progress of this Institution, both in number of members and the development of the original design, which adds to the luxuries offered by other clubs advantages peculiarly its own. The rooms are furnished with exquisite taste, but they are somewhat small for the various purposes to which they are applied. The library is well supplied with books, and rapidly increasing. On evenings, lectures alternate with *soirées*. The former have been extremely attractive and instructive; the most interesting being those of Dr. Grout on Physiology. The *soirées* are unique, and have proved the most delightful feature of the Institute. A description of one of those entertainments will convey a notion of all of them. We found the rooms beautifully lighted; the tables spread with drawings, engravings, and works of art; a company assembled comprising some of the most distinguished personages in the metropolis, ladies as well as gentlemen, in full dress, and among them many foreigners. All the rules of a private party are strictly observed. The amusements were agreeably varied. A great deal of music, vocal and instrumental, was excellently performed by amateurs

and professional persons, who had kindly given the aid of their abilities. In the intervals of the music, an Italian gentleman, one of the members, delivered an interesting and animating address in his native tongue on the relative courage required by the author and the soldier. Mr. Buckingham addressed the company, pointing out the various novelties that had been sent by members for inspection,—pictures, coins, &c., enlivening his description with anecdotes, and incidentally enlarging upon the plan of the club, of which, he urged upon the members, the main design was to cultivate social intercourse between persons who might not otherwise be brought together. A new and moderate tariff of charges for refreshments of all kinds has been framed; and altogether the Institute is one of the most attractive of the metropolitan establishments, and especially so to residents in the country, who will find it an admirable place of resort during their visits to town. Feeling a great interest in its success, highly approving of its design, and anxious that the whole of that design should be carried out, we shall continue to watch and report its progress.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

HORN, the eminent composer, is delivering at this Institution, a series of lectures on the music of eight nations, which are attracting crowds of delighted visitors. He illustrates his remarks with selections played or sung by himself, and in which he is aided, when necessary, by a band and chorus. They abound in anecdote, and shew him to be an enthusiast in his art. He has already concluded those on England, America, and Germany, and is now engaged upon the music of Spain. A more agreeable hour could not be spent.

DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

Some of our contemporaries have positively announced the retirement of Mademoiselle Rachel from the stage, in consequence of medical advice on the state of her health. We are glad to be enabled to contradict a statement so fatal to the tragic drama in France. The health of the young tragedian requires, indeed, a temporary repose, in order to its complete restoration; but happily it has never been in a state which led to the most distant contemplation of her withdrawing from a profession of which her talents render her so great an ornament.—*Galvani*.

BALFE's new opera, for the Opera Comique, is expected to be ready for representation in about six weeks. This composer had the honour of an audience of his Majesty a few days since, when the King was pleased to compliment him in flattering terms on the success of his last opera.—*Galvani*.

GLEANINGS,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

SOMNAMBULISM.—A Smyrna journal gives the following extraordinary account of a somnambulist:—"In the capital of the island of Syra there is a young man from a town on the border of the Black Sea, aged about eighteen years, tall in stature, and of robust constitution, who went to Syra about nine months ago to follow his studies at the Gymnasium. It frequently happens that almost immediately after falling asleep, he gets up and makes remarkable declamations. Sometimes he recites very long speeches from Xenophon with perfect correctness, although when awake he cannot remember more than a few lines. One night he wrote the theme he had to deliver the next day. In the morning, having overslept himself, he was vexed at not having time to prepare himself for his tutor; but great was his astonishment at finding on his table his stipulated composition, written with his own hand, folded, and ready to be given in. The professor was surprised at finding it so well done, and still more so when the young scholar became embarrassed, and unable to answer certain questions put to him on the subject. Doubts were entertained as to its being his own work; but a companion who slept in the same room with him came voluntarily forward, and declared that in the night he saw his fellow-student seated at the table writing, and calling upon his father to assist him in composing his theme. When in a state of somnambulism he plays at cards, and uniformly wins. This is attributed to his having the faculty at that time of knowing what cards are in the hands of the rest of the party. When in this state, also, he has been taken by his companions to a tavern, and when, after eating and drinking with them, he awoke, he was greatly astonished at finding himself where he was. It appears

* The following are the sums, 1843, with additional sums added by prizeholders:—

	£.	s.	£.	s.
Royal Academy	3,099	5	3,306	13
Society of British Artists ..	2,390	0	2,880	7
British Institution	1,095	7	1,208	0
Society of Painters in Water-colours	679	17	0	0
New Society of Painters in Water-colours	576	3	655	1

that in his somnolent state his sense of feeling is entirely suspended, while all the other senses are alive and active. At first the slightest touch would wake him; but now he is totally insensible to any violence, even that which would in others, or in himself, when awake, produce acute pain. In general, on coming out of his state of somnambulism, he is so weak and languid as to faint away. One fact is more extraordinary than the rest. One day, when in his dormant state, he announced that three persons, whom he named, were coming to see him. In an hour after these three persons entered his room."—[These are precisely the phenomena of mesmerism, which is artificial somnambulism. ED. CRITIC.]

SOUTHEY'S LIBRARY.—On Thursday commenced (at Leigh Sotheby's) the 16 days' sale of the library of the late Robert Southey, LL.D. Poet Laureate. There are nearly 4,000 lots, many of them necessarily consisting of several volumes. The library is rich and useful in ancient and modern works—Latin, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and English predominating. They are in remarkably clean and good condition, their late owner obviously having an almost fastidious sense for neatness and regularity; so much so that where the binder did not letter the book, he has done so fully and instructively; and where the binding or boards were rough or imperfect, he (or the late Mrs. Southey) has neatly and strongly attired them in thick cloth of variegated patterns. Plainness and neatness, rather than showiness, characterise this valuable library throughout. It has all the appearance of being the working library of a gentleman and a scholar; but of one who most truly enjoyed himself—who obviously luxuriated when surrounded by his books. Many of the volumes have his autograph on the title-page, with date and place, it appearing to have been his practice, especially with purchases that he rather valued, to add to his name the place and time where and when bought. Many have the addition of "Bristol," "London," "Edinburgh," "Brussels," &c.; and most of them seem to have been carefully read by him, to infer from neat little pencil "ticks" in the margins, noting obviously particular passages; but there are seldom any notes or scratches in the body of the volumes, his love of neatness apparently prevailing against that disfiguring of pages and print to which many readers and waiters find it so convenient sometimes to resort. The MS. illustrations in his own hand, and of which there are many, chiefly consist of very closely written and condensed paragraphs on the spare leaves fronting the title-pages, penned with that sharp clearness and rigidity of penmanship which characterized Mr. Southey's handwriting. He, however, seems never to have written as if he were in a hurry; and yet how much he wrote, as the world knows, independently of making entries in his books of opinions, or information respecting them.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS AND OFFICIAL PAPERS.—On Wednesday last, at one o'clock, a sale by auction of autograph letters of royal and illustrious personages, including those of Henry VII. Henry VIII. Charles I. George I. II. III. and IV., Charles II. of Spain, Leopold of Germany, the Elector of Bavaria, &c.; the Ormonde, Portland, Fox, Abingdon, and other official papers, together with many hundred letters from the principal nobility, statesmen, poets, authors, &c. of the United Kingdom, was proceeded with at the Auction-rooms, No. 191, Piccadilly, being the collection of many years of a private individual. The competition was not great, and the various lots were knocked down at a comparatively low price.

OLD COIN.—A few days ago a young man who was employed in harrowing a piece of ground at Summerfield, foot of the road from Restalrig to Leith Links, picked up a farthing of the reign of Queen Anne, which was in a high state of preservation. On both sides the relief is almost as bold as when the coin proceeded from the mint. On the obverse side is a very fine effigy of Queen Anne, surrounded by the words, "ANNA DEI GRATIA;" and on the reverse, the shield, with "MAG. BR. FRA. ET HIB. REG. 1711." The farthing is in the possession of Mr. George Blaikie, gardener, Upper Hermitage, who also rents the ground at Summerfield where it was found. From its being in such a fine state of preservation, and being found on the surface, Mr. Blaikie thinks it may have been brought to Summerfield along with some sea-weed which he had carted for manure.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

TRAVELLING IN SPAIN.—We read in a Madrid journal—"Mail-coaches with three places for passengers, like those of France, have been established upon all our roads. It is difficult to give an idea of the multiplication of public carriages of all kinds in Spain. They are running in every direction, and there is so much opposition, that the fares are brought extremely low, and travelling has become so greatly increased, that the inns and other establishments for their accommodation are as greatly improved. If our highways are but cleared of the brigands who infest them, foreigners will flock to explore our country and its interesting curiosities, hitherto almost unknown to the rest of Europe."—*Galignani's Messenger*.

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